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A Petition to Time.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure, overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

No Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of springtime sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with scents in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives.
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

HIS LEGACY.

Thomas Yarn was a failure. At least he was so set down by those who knew him. He meant well, everybody said, but all in all he was one of those shiftless, ne'er-do-wells that may be found in every community.

Gov. Hammond was a wealthy man, who, dying, left his fortune to his only child, a daughter, the codicil to his will setting forth that he wished his executors to pay Thomas Yarn a certain small sum every year for taking care of his library, and Thomas had an occupation. People wondered at this, as they had no idea who Thomas Yarn was, where he came from, or what earthly interest Gov. Hammond could feel in him.

One day Thomas took down a volume of Scott's "Commentaries," in which he saw a moth creeping, and, as he did so, a wild-flower fell out—one of those which had not been elevated to the dignity of Emily's herbarium. It was a heavy old book with a parchment cover, and, as he dusted and shook it, Thomas Yarn shook out his fate—a folded paper fell to the ground with bits of fern, a pressed violet, a lady's slipper, and several fringed polygalas.

It was a will. He knew the handwriting well, for in his struggles for existence he had been a copyist, and had often met the stiff, stately, old-fashioned, copper-plate hand of Governor Hammond. He read on through the formal phrases and legal forms—he read on as a man does in a dream, and he never knew how long it took him to find out what was written on that piece of paper. He might have fainted away—if so, he came to all by himself. It was a will, leaving all his property to his natural son, Thomas Yarn. It was witnessed by Deborah Doolittle (misnamed woman!), then and now cook to the establishment, and by old Deacon Ramsey, who had been gathered to his fathers.

Thomas Yarn remembered the date of the will which had given all the property to Emily, yes, this was written a year after. It was not recorded, that he knew well, but he thought Deborah would remember signing it. He went through all these mental operations with half his mind, the other half was paralyzed with surprise.

Thomas Yarn took his way home that day through the kitchen. It was not the first time, for Deborah was very apt to waylay him with the proffer of a cup of tea, or some of her nice dishes, always doing it with respect.

So, when he appeared down the stairs, Deborah bustled round, and put a plate and knife and fork on the side-table.

"No," said Thomas Yarn, "nothing to eat."

"Why! whatsomdever has happened to you, Mr. Yarn?" said Deborah. "You look as white as a sheet!"

"Deborah, do you remember witnessing a paper for Governor Hammond in his last illness?"

"Well, yes, I guess I do, Mr. Yarn. The governor was terrible queer in his last sickness. He wandered round, and went to the library, and wouldn't stay in bed, and wrote things. Yes, me and Deacon Ramsey see him sign something, I suppose it was his will, giving everything to Miss Emily. He was awful troubled, the governor was. After his son died he got queer, and then, after Miss Hammond died, he got queerer. I expect the governor had been rather hard on the poor when he was making his fortune."

"Deborah, put on your spectacles, and see if this is your signature?"

Deborah produced some very large glasses, and proceeded to fit them with difficulty on a very small nose.

"Well, yes, I wrote that. I never was good with my pen; I was kind of flustered when the governor he called me, and Deacon Ramsey he was coughin' 'awful at the time; he died, poor man, before the governor did; and then I had my dinner on, and the soup was a-burnin'."

Thomas Yarn was half up the street before Deborah had finished, and had reached the register's office. Yes, Emily's will was recorded; this was written a year after the other.

Then the poor soul traveled back on his recollections, and he saw, here and there, the figure of that stately man, who had been his father; he recognized, here and there, that he must have secretly helped him from time to time; he remembered, too, that he had not helped when help might have saved Mary, and his soul swelled with bitterness. But, in the hours that death waited for the governor, he had paid this tardy debt to conscience. He had laid the paper in the old book, he had sent Thomas Yarn to the library, and he had left the rest to chance. Miserable, vulgar fraction of conscience-money! Miserable playing with justice! Governor Hammond, like many a dignified gentleman, uncovered his real character in his will, and showed the mean and poor thing which a fine appearance had draped and ornamented.

Thomas Yarn went to Mary's grave and considered. He saw from that humble spot Governor Hammond's tall Corinthian column gleam through the trees. He thought of the change it would make in the village treatment if he announced the fact. The tavern-window would cease to be his post of observation; he would sit of an evening on that broad piazza where Miss Margaret and Emily received their guests; it would be his own!

He would become a man of fortune, a power in the state. He looked down at his garments. It even occurred to him that he should have a new suit of clothes; but, as these airy visions floated before him, he looked again in the grass at the stone, and read:

"MARY, WIFE TO THOMAS YARN,
DIED SEPTEMBER 23, 1835,
AGED 22,"

and he decided that he did not want fortune, fame, consequence, enough to take it away from Emily, his child-friend. She, next to Mary, was the thing dear to Thomas Yarn.

Often he determined to burn the will, but he did not. He even bought a piece of oil-silk, and carefully folded it around the paper before returning it to his ragged pocket. Sometimes, when he was particularly forlorn, he would take it out and read it, and become a rich man for a few hours; then Emily's laugh would resound through the house, or he would see her, gay and triumphant, driving off to picnics and to sleigh-rides, the successful young heiress and belle of Mossbrook, and he would fold it away.

Thomas Yarn watched with a jealous eye the men who approached Emily, and he saw to his sorrow that she began to blush and look down when Horace Frazier came near her. It began to be village talk that there was to be an engagement.

Now, Horace Frazier had come to Mossbrook to study law; he was not of the town. Perhaps he brought some foreign graces with him; he was handsome, dressed well, and had fascinating manners. But the tavern, in this instance, had become an important post of observation, and Thomas Yarn knew of nights passed in gambling, of drunken bouts, of the grime and degradation of a dissolute life. Yet what could he say or do? What headway make against this young and clever man?

Before he had resolved on his course of action, Emily had come into the library, and had announced her engagement to him.

"O Miss Emily! don't! He isn't worthy of you! He is a gambler, a drunkard, and worse! Don't love such a man; don't marry him, I beg of you!" burst from poor Thomas Yarn's lips.

To describe Emily's indignation would be impossible. The sun in the heavens was not more illustrious than Horace Frazier in her eyes. To attack him—and to her!

She swept out of the library, after a vigorous denunciation, and Aunt Margaret swept in. It had been a part of Horace Frazier's policy (graceful good-for-nothing) to win the older woman first, and she had but to hear the dreadful news of the attack to rush to the battlements and mow down Thomas Yarn with a well-directed volley.

"I hear that you dare, Mr. Yarn, to insult my niece, and to assail the character of her intended husband—you, Mr. Yarn! Who are you? Why my relative, Governor Hammond, descended so far as to mention you in his will, I never could understand. You, slothful, dirty, poor, mean, insignificant—your dare to speak of a gentleman—a well-dressed gentleman like Mr. Frazier? Leave this house, Mr. Yarn (you never ought to be allowed to come into it), and never let these eyes behold you again!

Miss Margaret held out a thin forefinger as she spoke, like a third-rate lady Macbeth. Thomas Yarn rose slowly and walked out; yet, as he passed her, he fired one Parthian arrow.

"I will save Emily yet," said he.

"Go, base creature!" said Miss Margaret, furiously.

When Mr. Frazier came to tea that evening, both ladies received him with greater tenderness than ever. His waistcoat was very perfect; his necktie and conversation delightful; he was a handsome fellow, and in love. They did not tell him how cruelly he had been slandered.

Thomas Yarn watched him for a few weeks, hoping that love might make a better man of him; but no, it did not. The play went on; the drinking-bouts continued; even Emily began to see some signs which troubled her, but, womanlike, she only loved him better. That he made her heart tremble and ache was part of the agitation of the period.

Then Thomas Yarn took a determination. He went to Judge Sutherland's office, and had a private consultation with that eminent jurist; and the next night, as Horace Frazier came up the tavern-steps, fresh from his courting and fresh from Emily's sweet presence, on his way to the card-room, Thomas Yarn stopped him.

"Mr. Frazier, Judge Sutherland desires to see you in Number 17, if you please."

Frazier sullenly turned toward the room. He was a student in the Judge's office, and expected he knew not what in the shape of a reprimand. He was surprised and offended when Yarn entered the room and locked the door.

Judge Sutherland's dignified presence, however, silenced him, and he seated himself, awaiting the revelation.

"Mr. Frazier, we are about to make a confidence to you, and, as a man of honor, I ask you to give me your promise that you will not reveal it."

"Certainly, sir, I give you my word."

"It deeply concerns you, as I understand that you are to marry Miss Hammond; it deeply concerns me, as I am one of the trustees of her supposed estate; it deeply concerns Mr. Yarn, as he is the real owner of the estate. Here is a will, which you shall read; it is a perfectly legal document, although not registered. One of the witnesses to the signature is still living. Of the contents of the will I am not ignorant, having been consulted as to its form. I have also known for many years, as a professional secret, that Mr. Yarn was a natural son of Governor Hammond; but I had supposed that my old friend had abandoned his project of making this will. Here it is, and in my opinion it will stand."

Horace Frazier read the paper with attention. It was ruin to him, and he looked it; but he said nothing.

Once he turned and gave Thomas Yarn a searching, contemptuous, and almost amused look.

"You are a good-looking fellow to turn a young lady out of her property!" said he coarsely.

Thomas Yarn did not answer.

Judge Sutherland did. "No abuse, Mr. Frazier. Mr. Yarn is treating you most honorably. He is not ready to make this will public just yet, but he wishes you to know of it, in order that you may not be disappointed in regard to your future wife's property. If you love her well enough to marry her, a penniless girl such as she is, that, of course, is a matter into which I shall not enter. But it is our duty to let you know that Mr. Yarn will, in the event of your marriage, produce this will, and proceed to claim his property"—and the judge pushed up his glasses.

Horace Frazier was stunned, as well he might be. Judge Sutherland was a dry, convincing sort of terrible man; what he said must be true.

"Do you think, Judge Sutherland, that Mr. Yarn has any chance of success?"

"It may be enough to say to you that I have advised him to try," said the judge, dryly.

Yes, that was quite enough for Horace Frazier. He loved Emily, in his selfish way, for herself; but he was not the man to do a generous deed, and take her without a penny. Emily an heiress was quite another thing from Emily penniless. Thomas Yarn had not mistaken his man.

He left town very shortly after, and wrote a few very lover-like letters. Then he went through the usual process of pretended jealousy, coldness, and neglect; then writing her that, as he knew he was not worthy of her, he must beg that their engagement might come to an end.

He had told the truth for once. He was not worthy of her.

But it took Emily some time to see that love's young dream can have an end. She went through the usual delusions; thought he still loved her, and that some enemy had done this thing. The leaf of music which fluttered off the piano in the evening breeze brought back the hour when he had gracefully stooped to pick it up for her; the flowers about the piazza still breathed of him; the west wind brought her his whispered vows; the moonlight seemed but to cast shadows which might be his. It was hard to accept life without him. Emily had never met pain before; it came with its usual intensity to the young and strong. She sought to escape it, to believe in him, to forgive him; and she would have done so to the day of her death had not a newspaper fallen into her hand with the news of his marriage—yes, so soon, too! Ah, Horace, you might have waited!

Tremblingly old Thomas looked on the surgical operation which he had performed; sadly he watched the pale cheek and the dejected attitude as she sat, once again his silent companion in the old library. He would have given all the fortune that he had not had, twice over, to hear her laugh; but it was too late. Could he have foreseen this, he would not have frightened Horace Frazier away. But, before a year had passed, the healthy and prosperous young girl began to recover from her heart-break. The same temperament which had induced her to throw "Thaddeus of Warsaw" half across the room, in her excitement at its rapidly-changing tone of joy and despair, came to her rescue. The unmitigated worthlessness of her late lover's character began to come to her, although she did not know the half. That knowledge sometimes is good medicine for a heart diseased. Aunt Margaret, too, was as violently *desillusionee* as could be desired; but she never forgave Thomas Yarn, nor invited him to the edge of a chair, forever more, in her cool parlor.

Before three years had passed, Emily had replaced Horace Frazier by a far better man. Thomas Yarn had kept his secret, and had seen his Emily, as he believed, safe. He crept to the library not often now, for his breath was getting short, his heart beat painfully; he was going down to that quiet resting-place, by the side of Mary, for which he had long prayed. Deborah began to go over to him, now, with comfortable soups and encouraging wines. Excellent Deborah, misnamed Doolittle!

Happiness did not harden that good young heart, which had been such a dear thing to Thomas Yarn. She never forgot him, but even on her marriage-day sent over to see if he could not come to the wedding; but no, he was too feeble. Deborah said he would sit up at the window and see her go by!

So Emily, in her white robes, looked up at the tavern-window as she drove to church, and kissed her white-gloved hand to the faded figure who watched her as she passed.

He had given Deborah a message for her, to be delivered when she came home from her wedding-journey.

"Tell her," said he, "that she will find my gift in the second volume of Scott's 'Commentaries,' on the third shelf of the library."

"Just write that down, Mr. Yarn if you please; my memory ain't what it was," said Deborah.

Thomas Yarn wrote a neat hand. It was the only thing he did neatly. He wrote it, and added, "among the wild-flowers."

And when the beautiful, proud, happy young bride came home, she went, with her hand in her husband's, to see the present. Aunt Margaret followed, saying, "Poor Mr. Yarn has saved a little money, I don't doubt, and he has given it all to you!"

There were tears in Emily's bright eyes. She did not follow Aunt Margaret's meaning. She was thinking of his lonely lot and of her own dear happiness.

She opened the book, and there, with some faded leaves, lay the folded paper.

She and Miss Margaret read it together. They did not understand it until Emily's husband interpreted it for them.

They had been living for three years in Thomas Yarn's house on sufferance. He had been their host, knowing that at any moment he could turn them out if he chose.

He had not forgotten to add a will of his own, giving all the property once again to Emily—the property he had never touched.

"Where is he?" said Emily, wildly; "let me go to him and tell him what I think of him!"

"Oh, my dear, hain't you heard?" said Aunt Margaret. "He has been dead a fortnight; he died on your wedding-day."

A Shaker Story.

The Poughkeepsie *Press* says: A case that has had attention from the courts for two years past was brought to a final settlement. The story is thus briefly told: About ten years ago a resident of New York city, named Barber, died, leaving a widow and two very young daughters. Shortly afterward the widow took it into her head to join the Shaker Community at New Lebanon, Columbia county, which resolve she put in force, and at the same time "deeded" her children to that sect. During the time that the mother and children remained with them an accident befell the youngest which resulted fatally. She fell from a wagon and was killed. Some two years ago or thereabouts the woman concluded to leave, and was desirous that the child should accompany her. To this the Lebanon Community objected, whereat the woman invoked the aid of the law, and Judge Miller caused the child to be brought before him on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The result of this hearing was favorable to the Shakers, and the child returned with them. The mother appealed to the courts, and the case passed from lowest to the highest, the Court of Appeals affirming the decisions in each previous trial, which were favorable to the Shakers. Thus the matter stood for some time, the mother yearning for her daughter and the daughter for her mother. The young lady, for she is now fourteen years of age, became nervous and highly excitable under the restraint, and at last, fearing that she would find a way to escape and possibly "go to the bad," the Shakers entered into correspondence with her mother, and agreed to surrender the child.

FOUND DROWNED.

The Frightful Record of a City's Deaths by Drowning.

The death record by "found drowned," in cities like New York, London, and Paris, is frightful. People read almost daily in the newspapers the announcement of death by drowning. The announcement is so simple, so frequent and so same-like that the reader easily passes on from it, careless of even noting the usual description of the dead body and the dress it had on when found drowned. The two words "found drowned" are often, however, the epitaph of those whose life and death, if the story were told, would reveal the desperation of the worst frailties of human nature, of unbearable shame and grief, of the devouring remorse for a wicked life, of men's acts who feared neither God nor man, and in as many cases would as plainly show the evils of intemperance and the constant imminent danger of loss of life. It is not a difficult task to follow in imagination the footsteps of an intending suicide.

The horrible state of mind in which the unfortunate man or woman, as the case might be, was goaded into frenzy must have been worse far than the most cruel bodily suffering that can be supposed. Be suicide a cowardly act or not under any conceivable circumstances—even supposing that in certain contingencies it could be considered as exhibiting some share of courage—still, when the time draws nigh for the destruction of one's self, for the leaving behind even of every sorrowful recollection of a passing hour of sunshine, the relief of the river covers over an unknown something which it is appalling to contemplate.

There must needs be some dreadful grief breaking the heart in the case of every suicide. The proud man broken down, discarded by old companions; the unfortunate merchant who dreads the inevitable exposure; even the ridiculous lover, who thinks life is worth nothing because he can't marry some particular young lady, each has so heavy a load to bear that despair seizes him and death becomes preferable to life. But the few last hours of all of them, while they are creeping toward the water, looking at it and dreading it, but still irresistibly attracted to its calm and certain depth, must be that agony beyond endurance, in which the doom of the sickened soul is sealed.

A more tender spectacle is only too often to be seen in the suicide of the young girl who is lost to the world in the betrayal from which she is suffering. Want, destitution, no friends, no home, no hope; sorrow, pain and despair, all hers. She may have striven fully in the consciousness of her secret to do a little; but what she lacks herself she gets nobody to supply, and with the first evidence of the shame that is upon her, she is scorned, never pitied. So she creeps to the river, and, when all is silent on the dock, throws herself in, and next day there is the usual announcement that, at such a place, a young female was found drowned, dressed in such and such a way, who seemed to have been very beautiful. Everybody knows this, and still how few ever think of turning the young woman's face from the grave. The charitable people are all in a state of pity when they hear her description given as a tenant of the Morgue.

At times we have the dead body of an unknown man or an unknown woman found drowned, and there are such marks upon it that those who find it whisper that there was foul play. The body is taken to the Morgue, the coroner notified, a *post-mortem* held, and, whatever may be the suspicion, there is still no absolute evidence to show that these might not have been accidental marks. But even the suspicion suggests the scene. What a fearful cry for help that must have been from the boat out in the middle of the river, where three to one the attack was made, and the terror of immediate death first horrified the doomed man. How he struggled against the iron grasp that bent his head under the water and held it there till they thought he was dead! What a quick, distorted vision the drowning man had of those he loved and thus was parted from forever! As the boat moved away the murderers would not look at each other in the face, though they would all fain be surer still that the drowned man could not rise up from the water and charge them with the deed. Next day, or within a few days, the body floats to a pier and is picked up. The police are summoned, and from the station house word is sent to Police Headquarters, thence to Mr. Kellogg, who sends an ambulance, and the body is taken to the Morgue, where it is registered as "Found drowned."

In New York alone an average of over one hundred bodies are taken from the harbor and rivers and to the Morgue. This year the record thus far shows that over 150 men, women and children have so met death. Many of these bodies are unrecognized and go to the Potter's Field unknown.

To Can Fruit.

Use only fresh fruit, and that which is perfectly ripe—not too soft, just right to eat well; fill your can full of fruit; put the can in a vessel of cold water; put a few iron rings in the bottom of the vessel to prevent breaking, then put over a slow fire at first, then making it hotter after the water has become hot. Too great a heat at first will surely crack the cans at the bottom. Meanwhile make a nice syrup of white sugar, and when your fruit is half done cooking, pour the syrup over the fruit in the cans, and continue boiling until done. Remove from the fire and seal immediately. Some prefer cooking their fruit before putting it in cans, but in my estimation it does not preserve its natural flavor as well, neither will the syrup be perfectly clear. Cooking the fruit in cans is the proper way of canning fruit. I use half a pound of sugar to a quart jar of fruit. Cherries, peaches, pears and raspberries will do with six ounces of sugar. Cook quart jars twenty to thirty minutes, according to the ripeness of the fruit. Keep watch of your cans while boiling, and as fast as the fruit lowers in the cans, fill up with well-ripened fruit. Next morning test your jars; if the cover will not bear up the weight of the can, boil over again. In ten days from the time of canning, test your fruit again, and if it holds, then it will keep for years. By this process, you will never be awakened in the night time by a loud report as of a gun, as I have heard of some people experiencing, and perhaps breaking some half dozen cans near it. Keep your cans in a cool but not damp place.

ECONOMY.—The most economical governor is the Governor of Wisconsin. The Chief Justice of that Commonwealth rendered a decision some weeks ago, in the railroad cases, which was thought the most important decision that was ever rendered in that State. But the Governor sent a message to the Chief Justice requesting him to cut down his opinion to about one-third or one-half its present length, because it will cost too much to print it.

THE MONTE KING.

The Queer Apparition that Glided Through the Cars at Truckee River.

We are gliding through the canyon of the Truckee river, at night, nine out of ten of the passengers are dozing, when suddenly the door opens, and in with the cold night comes the queerest specimen of humanity I ever saw. One side of the slouched hat is pinned up, and by the lamplight discloses a face that is young and not unhandsome, a pair of honest blue eyes, and a good forehead. The beard is unshorn, however, the hair unkempt, and every lineament of the countenance betrays unmistakable verdancy. It requires no particular knowledge of character to decide that the fellow is a green Missourian, fresh from the primitive precincts of Pike county. One leg of the corduroy pants is stuffed into the top of an old cowhide boot. These, and the woolen shirt, and the dilapidated vest and coat, render his costume decidedly seedy. As if totally oblivious of the situation and surroundings, he begins humming in a low, musical voice—

"Away down South in Dixie,
Away, away."

Keeping time to his weird song, he waltzes with a light, shuffling step the entire length of the car, and in a twinkling has disappeared. He has molested no one, noticed no one, and yet everybody is awake and talking about this strange personage. He has not awakened them by his humming song or shuffling dance so much as by his strange, indescribable tone, manner, and conduct. The boy on the front seat is convulsed with laughter, the young miss across the aisle giggles with glee, broad smiles overspread the faces of men and matrons, and the more serious mutter, "Poor fellow! he is crazy." They are as unconscious of the person at whom they have been looking as of the scenery through which they have been gliding. Ah! that good wife would scarcely have awakened her drowsy husband to "look at that fellow" had she imagined for an instant that it was "the terrible Slim Jim," chiefest of the monte sharps. In a little time he returns, and with the same abstracted air proceeds to walk through the car. Impelled by curiosity, several of us follow him into the smoking-car. He is surrounded by a group of laughing fellows, who are listening to his story. At Truckee, he said, a lady had stepped up to the ticket office to buy her ticket, and found that her purse was missing. She had asked him for $40, and had promised to pay him when she got aboard the train. He let her have the money, and now had gone "clean through" the cars without finding her. He told the story in such a droll manner that everybody laughed, even while they pitied the poor fellow's loss. He seemed to care but little, however, for he drew from his pocket a large leathern bag, fully eighteen inches in length, that was half full of shining gold pieces. He told how he had been swindled out of some money by the fellows called "monte sharps," and proceeded to illustrate the manner in which they fooled him. Believing that he had thoroughly learned the game from the rascals, he offered to bet that no one could tell the ace of diamonds, and in less than five minutes he lost $400 to well-dressed gentlemen who stood around. His hands moved so awkwardly that a child could pick out the right card.

No man ever saw $18,000 placed conveniently within his grasp who was not tempted to covet the lucre. So it was with the black-visaged man who sprang eagerly from his seat as soon as the greenhorn began losing his money. Of all the men in the car this man was the most perfect villain, if God's handwriting in his countenance was not wholly unintelligible. Carried away with the one idea of stealing the Missourian's money, the fellow planked down his cash, his watch, his gold chain, and—lost. All this occupied not over ten minutes, including the waltz, the game, and the winning. Just as the fellow turned the wrong card, a low whistle from the further end of the car announced the coming of the conductor. Quicker than "scat" the cards disappeared, the cappers and all hands dropped into their seats, Slim Jim drew his hat down over his eyes, and the victim, after glaring fiercely around for a moment, settled back into his seat in moody silence. The conductor entered and passed slowly through the car, but not a single hint did he obtain of the fact that a game had been going on. Hardly had he left the car before the villainous-looking victim demanded another chance to bet. From another pocket he had drawn $20, his last cent, and eagerly asked for a "sight." Coolly disregarding his importunities, Slim Jim said, "No, sir; I don't want to break you." In another minute he had disappeared through the door, dancing and humming, "Away, away."

Faith.

It is said that one day, when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and the horse galloped off. A common soldier ran, and laying hold of the bridle brought back the horse to the Emperor's hand, when he said to the man:

"Well done, captain."

"Of what regiment, sire?" inquired the soldier.

"Of the Guards," answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word.

The Emperor rode off, the soldier threw down his musket, and though he had no epaulets on his shoulders, no sword by his side, nor any mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers. They laughed at him and said:

"What have you to do here?"

"I am captain of the Guards," he replied.

They were amazed, but he said: "The Emperor has said so, and therefore I am."

At Night.

Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed under the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

Bills of plumbers all remind us
How they come with lies sublime,
And, departing, leave behind them
Sham work ment to break betime;
Sham work which of course another,
Finding leaks in branch and main—
Some deceiving, faithless brother—
Seeing, straightway shams again.

The May Queen.

ADAPTED TO A BACKWARD SEASON.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
And see that my room is warm, mother, and the fire is burning clear;
And tallow my nose once more, mother, once more ere you go away,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

It froze so hard last night, mother, that really I couldn't break
The ice in my little pitcher, mother, till I thought the poker to take;
You'll find it there on the hearth, mother—but, oh, let the hot brick stay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I shall put on my *aqua-scutum* outside of my seal-skin coat,
And two or three yards of flannel, dear, will go around my throat;
And you'll see that the boneset-tea, mother, is drawn while your child's away,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me, if her nose is fit to be seen;
And you shall be there, too, dear mother, to see me made the Queen,
Provided the doctor 'll let you; and, if it don't rain instead,
Little Johnny is to take me a part of the way on his sled.

So, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow may be the chilliest day of all the glad New Year;
For to-day is the thirtieth, mother, and bless'd if your child can say,
If she ain't an April Fool, mother, instead of a Queen o' the May.

—BRET HARTE.

THE OPENING DOOR.

I am a mining engineer. At the time of which I am writing, I was manager of an extensive colliery in the South Lancashire district. We employed a large number of men, very various, of course, in character. It is not my purpose to describe all particularly, but we had among us several good specimens of the collier of the last generation; men who commenced pit-life when women shared their daily drudgery, who did the toughest part of their life's work when there were no government inspectors to watch over their interests; men, now subdued and quiet, who could tell tales of coal-pit life in the old rough wild days to which the present are tameness itself. These men were superstitious to an amusing degree, constantly on the lookout for signs and omens, not in "the falling leaf, the snapping twig," exactly, but in the snapping and falling treacherous roof of the mine; in the accidental extinguishing of lights; in the simmering of gas-bubbles, working their way through the wet "face" of the coal; also in dreams, whether their own, or any one else's. I used to laugh at their sometimes expressed fears; but the time came when I could at least sympathize with them.

I was sitting in the office, near the pit, one hot summer's afternoon. It was a hot place, being adjacent to the boilers, and a noisy one into the bargain, being situated over a steam saw bench. My temper had been a little disturbed by the pertinacious endeavors of a traveler in iron to draw an order from me, a process which, having no need of iron, I particularly objected to, and which he, needing orders, particularly insisted on. I had shown my gentleman out four times, but, with the brazen effrontery of his tribe, he would persist in returning, till I was obliged at last to shut and bolt the door, thereby effectually stanching the flow of his blandishments, but also making the office more and more like a drying-stove. Presently I peeped out of the window—my persecutor was gone. I opened the door; in front of it, about to knock, stood old Jemmy Taylor. Jemmy was one of the patriarchal colliers I have mentioned above; in appearance, a skeleton, dressed in a light suit of parchment; gaunt, grim, and gray-haired; no model for Apollo, or even in his best days, for all his limbs had undergone fracture once, or oftener, which process is no beautifier of the human frame. There he was in his skull-cap, faded blue shirt, and ragged old velveteen coat and trousers; as he had stood many a time before when he had desired an interview with me upon questions of ventilation; for Jemmy was our head "wasteman."

I may explain here, that, in pit language, the waste means the old workings, that district of the mine from which the coal has been removed. Most parts of the waste are left to take care of themselves, which they speedily do by closing again into solidity; but through other parts it is often necessary to maintain air-roads: passages to carry on the stream of air from one part of the mine to another, or out to the vent, the upcast shaft. The office of the watchman is to keep these roads in order, and see that they do not become blocked up by fallen shale, so as to impede or stop the ventilation. It is impressive, even to one accustomed to them, to travel along these waste roads. You may walk hundreds and hundreds of yards along the low, narrow passages, far away from the working-places of the colliers; and more complete isolation you could not feel, I believe, in the middle of a desert. It would be an awkward thing to lose your light, too, on one of those journeys. If well acquainted with the roads, it would be possible to find your way back to occupied ground, or forward to the upcast shaft, whither the current of air is hurrying; but it would be a nasty journey, of much excoriation of legs, arms, and head against the rough tunnel; and should you by chance be so unfortunate as to wander out of the main current of air, your safest guide, you might very possibly have to resign yourself to fate, and sit down in the forlorn hope of being discovered by a search-party.

I invited Jemmy in. It was something out of the ordinary way of business which could make him look so scared through his covering of coal-dust. He seemed so upset, that I thought of asking him to sit down, but remembered in time, that a collier sitting in a chair is as comfortable as the proverbial cat on a hot plate. Your collier can kneel, can lie on his side, can sit on his heels, can stoop in any excruciating posture you may please to name, by the hour together; but ask him to sit in a chair, and you propose an impossibility. The cause of Jemmy's perturbation did not come out quickly; it required much questioning, also several applications to a flat bottle to get his not very connected story from him. It appeared that, in the course of his work he had remembered that some forgotten props had been left in a certain road midway in the waste. They were lying near an "air-door," a tight-fitting, wooden door placed in a roadway, to prevent the air from passing along it.

He accordingly set off in search, found the props and sat down to rest while deciding upon their merits. He placed his lamp upon the floor and was just pulling out his pipe for a smoke (irregular Jemmy), when his attention was drawn to the door through which he had just passed. It was slowly opening! Well, there would be nothing wonderful in that, provided the opener had passed through and made himself visible; only, as none did pass through, and as the door, after opening to nearly its fullest extent, slowly and silently closed again, there certainly was a little foundation for Jemmy's astonishment. Then, "As I sot theer," said Jemmy, "thinkin' what could make it oppen, it sturred agen, and kep' cropin and cropin, wider and wider, till it wur reet oppen agen! I ne'er touched it; I wur three yards off. I wur no' so mich feart t' fust time, but afftherwards——" After the second opening, Jemmy was greatly horrified, to tell the truth, and wished to beat a retreat; but to do so he must repass through the door itself! He managed to screw up his courage for this, opened it, shook it, to see that the hinges were firm, closed it after him, and on the express engine of trepidation, commenced to retire. In the fascination of terror, however, he felt compelled to look back and hoped that the sight of the door fast closed might reassure him; but no sooner did he turn round, than, lo! open comes the door again, in the same steady style as before, and closes in like manner. "Three times!" thought Jemmy. "I'm done for!" He, a most cool and clear-headed fellow in all matters connected with his special business, was, as such men often are, very accessible to fear of the unknown. What he had witnessed was, of course, a "sign," expressly sent to warn him of approaching danger, probably of an untimely end. When he had finished his tale, I naturally pooh-poohed the whole matter, said he must have been dreaming, sent him home to recover himself, and told him I would meet him in the mine next day and go with him to the diabolical spot, and see if the phenomenon occurred again; not that I said "phenomenon" to Jemmy, as it might have increased his fears, but "words to that effect."

I had rather a long round to make next morning in a part of the mine we were just opening, and it was noon when I met Jemmy in the "gal-stable." (All horses are "gals," down Lancashire pits; above ground young women are "lasses.") It was with some little difficulty that I persuaded him to get off the provender-box and accompany me on the proposed expedition; but at last we set out, and were presently traveling along the silent road in the deserted waste. I questioned him closely; but though he was now cool, he persisted in the accuracy of his story. I could only conclude that his memory had failed him in some important particular, or that he had been too frightened to notice something which would at once explain the apparent mystery. Half an hour of awkward stooping through half a mile of very low air-passages, and clambering over fallen roof, brought us to the spot. The passage, just where the air-door stood, was in tolerable preservation, and was comparatively wide and high—some six feet by four. The door was some four feet square, set in a brick framework; a good substantial door of thick deal, tolerably heavy for spiritual influences, I thought. Jemmy had hung back as we approached it, and it was only by half-dragging him along that I got him through. We anchored upon the prostrate props. "Now, Jemmy," I said, "let's just see if your door will play any such tricks to-day." I was certain that, if the manifestation was not a figment of Jemmy's imagination, which seemed only too probable, I should, on seeing it occur myself, be able to explain it.

We lighted pipes; against the rules, I must confess, below ground, but an indulgence which I could allow myself with certain trusty men who never abused liberties. "He's going to disappoint us," I said; "you have made me lose an hour for nothing." Here Jemmy's pipe fell from his mouth, and he clutched hold of me nervously. "Look, look! Master Thomas!—look—it's openin' now!" Sure enough, it was, and in the manner in which he had described it. As if drawn by an unseen hand, gently, almost imperceptibly, it came open—just a little streak first, and then wider and wider, till one could peer through it into the dim darkness beyond, half expecting an earthly visitor, half fearing a ghostly one. Then slowly, as it had opened, did it shut, closing up silently with a perfect evenness of motion.

A little bewildered, I started up, to make a good examination round it, to see if the movement was explainable by any of the surrounding circumstances; but Jemmy begged me to stay where I was, and see "if it would do so again." I did so. In two minutes the phenomenon was repeated; in another two minutes it was again repeated; but although we sat still on the props for a quarter of an hour longer, the door opened no more. Poor Jemmy was in a fearfully nervous state by this time, and I myself did not feel altogether composed. The dead, oppressive silence—tomb-like silence—of the place we were in; "the darkness visible" which surrounded us for a few yards; the darkness unfathomable which closed in around us beyond that area; the feeling of isolation, too, and the intent waiting to see whether the mysterious occurrence would be repeated, all helped, with the puzzling over the thing itself, to upset one's equanimity. As I say, we waited a quarter of an hour longer, and the "sign," as Jemmy persisted in considering it, did not come again; he rather wished it would, I believe, for the number three was a fatal one in his dictionary of omens; and say what I would, nothing could make him shake off his fixed idea that it was a "death-warrant" for him. "Now for a good look at the sign-worker," said I. A careful examination I made of the door, side-posts, lintel, brickwork, surrounding walls, roof and floor; but nothing could I discover at all capable of explaining the apparent self-action. A quick subsidence of roof, or upheaped floor, as frequently happens in the passages of a mine, might explain the opening; but no such movement of the surrounding strata had taken place while we were there; and, besides, though such a disturbance might open the door, it would be hardly likely to close it again, especially in such a slow and steady way. I was puzzled, and more than puzzled, I will confess. I did not believe that anything but a natural force could move that door; but what natural force did move it? My reader may ask why I should feel more nervous and strange at seeing this door move unexplainedly, than I should at seeing a tree fall unexpectedly, or at hearing a voice from an apparently empty room? It would be, I think, because, in the case of the tree and the voice, the mind would almost directly fix on a sufficient natural cause for the occurrence; and fear would hardly have time to make itself felt. Prolong the interval before you fix upon a sufficient cause, and fear has time to assert itself. In the case of the door, the interval of suspense was prolonged indefinitely, for I could find no sufficient reason at all. I left the mine, as I say, puzzled, more than puzzled.

That evening, however, I thought I had found an explanation, and, of course, instantly all nervousness left my mind, and I laughed heartily at the matter. I hunted up Jemmy from the public-house, where he was relating to a spell-bound circle of fellow-workmen his experience of the last two days. "Jemmy," I said, "I've found it out." "Fun it aight, han ye, Master Thomas? What is't, and what makes it three times?" "Why, don't you see," said I triumphantly and perhaps a little contemptuously, "it is an air-door, and the pressure of the air increasing a little now and then, it gets strong enough to blow the door open!" But alas for my theory—in two minutes it was demolished by Jemmy, whose face again lost its momentary cheerfulness. "Cannot be that, 'cas ye see th' door opens agin the air, be it much or be it little, is a'ways pressin' it to." I had to give in to Jemmy's practical reasoning; what he said was true; the pressure of air could not explain it, for how could the door open of itself against the current, whether strong or weak?

For several days I perplexed myself about the dreadful door and its opening and shutting, till I wished it at Jericho. I found that several of the men went, also two or three together, to see the phenomenon, which was daily repeated; and it was further noted that it always occurred at or near one o'clock; that the door always opened and shut three times, no more, no less, and at about the first observed intervals. They could none of them explain it. While theories were started by the younger and three R'd men, such as, that air possessed certain powers of suction, as well as of pressure, and that, when it wanted to pass through a door, it was equal on a pinch to opening it for itself! But the older men shook their heads and pronounced it uncanny, something to do with the next world, a genuine omen. They were unanimous also in the opinion that the warning was intended only for its first witness, poor Jemmy! The fame of this opening door even got so far as the neighboring town, becoming, of course magnified on the journey; and I was written to by some friends there to say they had heard there was a door at the colliery which rapped out answers like a medium's table! The enterprising editor of that town even proposed to me that he should send down a special to interview the case; but I declined, not wishing any factitious interest to be given to the matter.

It will seem strange to my readers, but it is a fact that the door-mystery repeated itself every day for three weeks, and was witnessed during that time by dozens of workmen, without any feasible or probable suggestion being made as to the cause. Many a night I lay awake thinking over it, going carefully over all principles of mechanics I was acquainted with, to see if there lurked in any of them a possible explanation; but without result.

I discovered the natural cause in time; but I cannot claim that I reasoned it out. A simple coincidence gave me a clue tolerably easy to follow. Before publishing the rationale of the matter, however, I took it into my head to give Jemmy and others convincing proof that I had discovered the secret. I gave it out, that on a certain day the phenomenon would take place half an hour earlier, and would be repeated five times instead of three times. Sure enough, the thing happened according to my prediction. Jemmy's face cleared up a little when he found that there was a being of flesh and blood by whom the mystery was explicable; indeed, I rather think that in his mind, and in the minds of others, I was regarded as "somebody extra," dealing with the powers that should not be.

Here is the explanation, as shortly as I can put it to non-mining readers. The mine had two shafts, as is usual—the downcast, by which fresh air was supplied to the working; the upcast, up which the foul air escaped. The downcast was the ordinary working-shaft; but the upcast was furnished with a winding engine and a traveling cage for occasional use. Now, when this cage was used, its passage downwards would naturally check the ascending volume of foul air, and would for the moment press it back down the shaft, and consequently would, to some degree, drive back the air which was in the ordinary way rushing along the air-roads. Now, returning for a moment to our old friend the air-door, we shall see the effect of this.

We remember that the balance of air-pressure was against the door on the side on which it opened—the handle side; but when the cage descended the upcast, it would reverse for a moment the natural direction of the air-currents, and then the balance of air-pressure would be on the side of the door *opposite* to the handle, and would open it. When the cage stopped at the bottom of the upcast, the natural order of things would gradually restore itself, and the door would gradually close. The opening of the door would, of course, be repeated each time the cage descended the upcast. Its recurrence, three times, at a particular time each day, was explained by the fact that a set of men, just numerous enough to fill the cage three times, were then working near the upcast, and were lowered to their work at that particular time each day. They were also drawn up and down at other periods of the day, and the air-door would have been seen opening and shutting at those times also, had there been any one there to observe it. Happening to be at the upcast when these men were descending, I was struck by the coincidence of the time, and of the number of descents of the cage, with the circumstances of the door opening, and this led me to unravel the mystery.

When I explained it to Jemmy, the poor fellow seemed to get rid of a nightmare; his parchment face became lustrous with relief. The other men, who had been quite as much "struck of a heap" as Jemmy, anathematized themselves for not having seen it before, declared Jemmy to be a fool, and did not cease to joke him for a long time about his "opening door." But he took it all very good-humoredly. He was, I have no doubt, as rejoiced to get that incubus off his mind as Sindbad was to get rid of the old man of the sea; and I was not sorry myself!

In Trouble.

Near Exeter, England, a soldier deserted from an artillery regiment. He was pursued so closely on every hand that he plunged into the river. He couldn't swim, and was near drowned, when a man in a boat came to the rescue and dragged him out. But he did not deliver him to the pursuers. He landed him on the other side, and the deserter got away. Then the man in the boat was brought up on a charge of aiding the escape of a deserter. His defense was that he yielded to imminent peril, as the soldier threatened his life. All this is now on trial. If he had not picked the man up, perhaps some other process of law would have got at him for constructive manslaughter in consenting to a death he could have prevented.

According to the *Freeman's Journal*, Gen. Sherman is not a Catholic, but when he courted Miss Ewing he was required, before Father Ryder could marry them, to promise as an officer and a gentleman that he would never interfere with his wife in the practice of her religion, and that her children should be brought up Catholics.

Facts and Fancies.

How to be wise—think that you don't know everything.

Butter down! as the goat remarked to himself as he saw the farmer's wife crossing the field.

China has streets paved with granite blocks laid over 300 years ago, as good as new. The contractors are dead.

It is announced that Hoyt, Sprague & Co. will pay their creditors fifty per cent. and that their liabilities are $9,000,000.

Cotton factories in the South, in almost every instance, where well managed, pay from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

Dr. Ayers, of Lowell, will leave his handsome daughter $2,000,000 in greenbacks. There's a sugar coated pill worth taking.

The daughter of Gen. Sherman will begin her career as a housekeeper with the outfit of "twenty-three dozens of silver spoons."

If Brigham Young dies, the scramble for widow's thirds will drive every Judge of Probate in Utah to the nearest madhouse.

"A few days ago Lewis Fletcher, of Newtown county, contributed an arm to a threshing machine," is the way they mention it out West.

Practical and philanthropic ladies in Chicago have opened a restaurant where business men get wholesome lunches and the poor get the profits.

The New York *School Journal* recalls the facts that there are 221,000 school teachers in this country, and 14,000,000 children of school age who come, or ought to come, under their tuition. This averages one teacher to about 66 scholars. To support our schools we spend $95,000,000 annually, or about $6.50 for each child.

A prospective mother-in-law at Mohawk, N. Y., who wanted to find out what sort of a fellow she was going to have for a son-in-law, went to a ball disguised as a young fop, got into a fight with him and had to be taken home in a hack. The young man recognized her when too late, and hasn't been round to see the daughter since.

A telegraphers' newspaper, speaking of the employment of woman as operators, says that their power is already felt in the higher style of conversation between male operators over the wires. Low jests and vulgarity have grown less frequent, and an intimation that there is a female operator on a circuit puts a quietus on the most virulent of blasphemers.

A "claimant" has convulsed the quiet neighborhood of Freeport, Ill., by attempting to palm himself off as a long lost husband. He satisfied the widow Gaylord and her children of his indentity, but a skeptic in the family brought the matter before the Grand Jury, and the result was that the fellow was found to be an impostor and sentenced to a three years' residence in the penitentiary.

No two leaves in the forest are exactly the same form and texture. No two grains of sand taken from the seashore or the great African desert are identical in bulk and outline. Even the two drops of water the most alike in the universe will exhibit some marks of distinction when submitted to a powerful microscope. The law that excludes duplicates from the visible kindom of nature is also a law of the moral world.

A Cheese Story.

The greatest ammunition that we have heard of lately was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidian Navy, who in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos service, fired every shot from his locker.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked the first lieutenant; "we've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister and double headed all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir—got lots of that."

"We had confounded hard cheese—a round Dutch one for dessert at dinner to-day; don't you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to—I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any on board?"

"About two dozen—took 'em from a drover."

"Will they go into the eighteen-pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore, that's the idea; I'll try 'em," cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes the fire of the old Santa Maria (Coe's ship), which had ceased entirely, was reopened and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly, one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so it scattered and flew in every direction.

"What the deuce is that the enemy are firing?" asked Brown—but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port hole and killed two women who stood near him; then striking the bulwarks burst into flinders.

"By jove, this is too much; this is some new Paixhan or other—I don't like 'em at all!" cried Brown; and then as four or five more of them came slap through their sails, he gave the orders to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheese.

This is an actual fact; our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.
—*Monitor.*

A Fast Team.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says in his last letter: Trotting horses are to New York what race-horses are to London. If a horse has speed he will bring any price. The arrival of a fast team produces an immense excitement on the street. The men who keep the market in a turmoil are the men who buy the fast trotters. It is not difficult to buy a single team that is fast. The story that Vanderbilt kept a standing offer of $10,000 for a first-class horse is a *canard*. He could get speed at any time, if he would pay for it. The old Commodore wants something besides speed. He wants a fast horse—a horse kind and quiet—that will drive on slack rein—one perfectly safe—and at a low figure. But to get a fast double team is a difficult matter. It is so difficult to match horses in the spirit and motion and bottom. There is one team in this city that always produces a sensation on the road; one of these is the horse Connors, owned by J. F. Merrill, of Boston. This horse is black as jet. The other horse is St. James, belonging to Rochester. He is mahogany in color. The two horses are of the same height, about fifteen hands. The recorded time of the the team is 2:22¼. Connors's record is 2:19¼. St. James's record is 2:18. It is said he has shown the speed of 2:17. This team was sold recently, and Budd Doble was the purchaser. Everybody knew that he did not buy it for himself. It turns out that the real buyer was a California miner; he made an immense fortune in about ten days by the rise of the Ophir mining stock. It is said on the street that for an hour or more he made a million a minute. The price paid for the team was $40,000. The team has been expressed to the Pacific Coast.

Breaches of Trust.

In pronouncing sentence upon Phelps, the defaulting New York State Cashier, who was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor in the penitentiary at Albany, Judge Westbrook made some very timely strictures upon the loose way in which it is becoming the fashion to palliate or cover up such offenses. He remarked that "the enforced borrowing of another's money by an unlawful taking against the owner's will, hoping, by subjecting it to the hazard of gambling speculation, to return its equivalent, is just as reprehensible in wholesome morals and sound public policy as the taking with no such intent." Judge Westbrook pronounced the defense of simple "breach of trust" to be as unsound in law as it is false in morals, and accordingly inflicted upon Phelps the maximum penalty of the law under all three indictments.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..................... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 12, 1874.

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The first week of November drove out the chicken disease as well as some political diseases. We notice the roosters are all out and crowing.

The democrats in the late elections, it would seem, whipped everybody everywhere—"independents," republicans, carpet-baggers, and scalawags.

Down at Huntsville, Alabama, several negro women put on breeches and attempted to vote the republican ticket. That may be the next move—if the rads can't keep power with the vote of the male nigs they will next try to enfranchise the wenches.

The Tuten paper publishes an article on its first page headed, "Democratic Gems from Texas." Wonder whether it will come out this week with the democratic "gems" from New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusets, Louisiana, New Jersey, and a dozen other states.

We say "Amen" to the following from an exchange—let democratic officials be true to their trusts:

Every Democrat who has been elected will be held to a strict accountability to carry out to the fullest extent of his powers and ability, all the reforms that have been made necessary by the unparalelled reign of Ring corruption that has cursed this State and county during the past ten years. If any of them are recreant to the great trust that has been reposed in them, we shall not hesitate a single moment to hold them up to the indignation of the public. But we have no fear that they will betray the great responsible trust that has been placed upon their shoulders by the people.

The Tuten paper, last week puts Mackey's majority up as high as 15,000 over Alexander. Why dear me, that's the worst slander yet against your "people's candidate." And then it said—after seeing in the Reporter that New York had gone democratic 40,000—that "New York has gone so close." "So close," that's a good term for 40,000 majority, and it is just what *closed*-out the radical party.

Some persons voted against Judge Orvis because they say he is too strict, just as though they anticipated becoming law breakers and were afraid of an upright judge—if so, they had better vamose the district and go where judges won't do their duty in meeting out justice to culprits, for Judge Orvis is elected, and those fellows will find him doing upon the bench just what they are afraid of—his duty.

The Bellefonte Republican, on the eve of the recent election invented a little scare for the people, by charging extravagance and mismanagement on the part of the democracy in the administration of the county. But the scare wouldn't come at their bogus beckoning. The people know that the democratic commissioners are reducing the indebtedness of the county and that they are doing their duty faithfully.

It is nearly forty years since Massachusetts had a Democratic Governor, when Marcus Morton was elected over Edward Everett by precisely one majority.

Before the election the "Bellefonte Republican" chaps swore if Centre did not go radical, they would go back to Massachusetts, and now they are in a fix—old Massachusetts is reported unhealthy for such fellows too, and it don't suit them in Illinois nor in Jersey, nor anywhere, for the roosters are crowing all around. Well, let them creep into a hole, and then pull the hole in after them.

On Wednesday morning after the election, a couple of worn out hacks, who had taken stock in the "independent" movement, were discussing their defeat, on one of the street corners of Bellefonte, when one of them remarked, "that whenever they do attempt to set up anything, the d——d Dutch in Pennsvalley always knock it down, you can never do anything with them fellows." The Pennsvalley people can't always be led by the nose, they are able to do their own thinking and voting, and do not give a cent's worth of encouragement to rings and things that are "set up."

The republicans of this county, many of them, take their defeat coolly, and some of them express their entire satisfaction over the result, and say they are glad it is so. Gov. Curtin tells us he is pleased, and we know he is, for his sympathies and votes have been with the democrats for the past few years. We know that the honest portion of the radical party rejoices over the result, for they were tired of the corruptions practiced so boldly under the national and state administrations, and saw with alarm the fearful condition of the country under Grant's misrule. The democrats swelled their majorities by the aid received from honest republicans, and we admit their share of credit in bringing about the glorious result. Let them continue to vote with the democratic party, so long as it acts honestly and governs wisely, all of which we promise as a result if power be placed in its hands.

Silver spoons have advanced fifty per cent. in Washington since the receipt of the news from Ben. Butler's District. The people of Washington now feel that they can safely afford to set their tables in respectable style.

What it Means.

The unparalleled revolution in polities that burst upon the American people in the recent elections, it means something. In the first place, it means that the people are dissatisfied with the curruptions under Grant's administration, and the abuse of power in its conduct towards the southern states. These abuses a little more minutely detailed, consist of the salary grab, by which the President and Congress doubled their pay when they had promised the country economy and reform; the Credit Mobilier swindle; the Sanborn contracts; the custom house frauds, the infamous spy system of Leet, Stocking & Co., creating a hord of new offices with large salaries and the incumbents nothing to do; the Evans swindle; cabinet officers purchasing splendid turnouts for their wives and families, at the government expense, *a la* landaulet Williams, keeping a standing army in the impoverished southern states to carry elections; maintaining the infernal carpet governments over the southern states by federal bayonets; placing the white people of the southern states under negro rule, and running those impoverished states into an unheard of indebtedness, and an unlimited number of like abuses. The people mean that these shameful abuses of power shall be stopped, and that the unprincipled and perjured men in place who are guilty of this mal-administration, shall be hurled from power.

Then in the second place, the people mean that the democrats shall be put in those places in order to try them and see whether they will do better. It was honest republicans, who voted along with democrats, that assisted to bring about this great revolution. They want an honest government, and the democrats having cried so loudly against the above mentioned abuses, the people are willing to trust them hoping that a change will be for the better.

This revolution then means that the democratic party shall restore to us honest government; that robbing and plundering shall cease; that the south shall govern itself as does the north, and that it shall place none but honest and upright men in office.

This the democracy have promised, and will be held to its promises. There must be no rogues elected to office by democrats, the people have had a surfeit under radical rule; there must be economy under democratic management, the people are tired of the waste and plundering under radical rule. If the democrats fulfill these requirements they will be sustainad by the people, and will remain in power—if not, they will and ought to be put out. The government must be brought back to its old-time purity—we believe the democracy will bring it back to that.

We give warning to all democrats to whatever position elected, that an independent press will expose any wrong acts they may be guilty of, and that the people will no longer tolerate rascals in place. That is what the late elections mean.

The Reporter has exposed corrupt democrats in the past, and it will as fearlessly deal with them in the future. It will oppose rings, monopolies, roosters and corruptionists, irrespective of party, and in this course it will be in company with many other honest and independent journals, and we know the people will sustain them.

The late elections, then, mean that corruption and rascality shall end, and that the democrats shall introduce honesty, economy and such reforms as will tend to the public good.

The Modoc Side Show.

Now that the official figures of the county are before us, we can give our readers a brief digest as to what the boasted "peoples" movement for congress amounted to, and as to what extent it was participated in by democrats. Latta's vote is 3083, and Mackey's 2556—here the "people's candidate" must have taken just 427 votes from Mackey, the regular democratic nominee for Congress. Surely that was a "peoples" candidate with a vengeance! Now of that 427, one half, as they now admit, were led off by misrepresentation, and deceived by mixed ticket and smuggled vote, which would leave just 17 dozen pretended democrats who from premeditation went into this movement to disorganize the party.

The whole thing having thus come down to a microscopic object, we will not strain our vision by lending it any further examination, as the result proved, by Mackey's astounding and overwhelming majority, that the Reporter all along was correct, when it pronounced that able and upright gentleman the unanimous choice of the people—the conference showed it, and the 3rd of November proved it. By way of advice, we will just pitch one line of Dryden at these fellows:

"My sons, let your unseemly discord cease."

Old Centre.

The democracy of old Centre have come back to the old time figures in their majorities—over 1000 for McCandless on the state ticket. This result, and the largely increased majorities on county ticket, is gratifying to us and to every honest democrat and republican, however galling it may be to rule and ruin radicals, and their chums who fed in our party and professed to belong to it, and who laid a plot to defeat the party, thereby to show that the democracy cannot get along without their services. These recreants now wear a forced, false smile over the *great* victory, and would fain hide the assistance they gave to break down the organization. The plot was to defeat Mackey, cut down the vote of Orvis and Wallace, and if possible to defeat them also. The result shows that the democracy got along better without them, and that treason in the camp only made us stronger. Where one scalawag democrat played into the hands of the enemy, we had one honest republican in his place to vote for honest and upright democratic nominees.

Great Outrages

November, the 3rd, inst., will long be memorable for the great "outrages" that were committed over one half the land. St. Bartholomew's day is no where compared with our 3rd of November, 1874. Whole states, and even territories, were the scene of astonishing "outrages."

There was a great "outrage" in Pennsylvania; a greater "outrage" in New York; a terrible "outrage" in Massachusetts; an awful "outrage" in Louisianna, far outstripping the "recent" "outrages" paraded in the Grant organs; a big "outrage" in New Jersey; and greater and lesser "outrages" in Maryland, Illinois, Michigan, and a dozen of other states. Why don't Grant fetch out the soldiers; did he not hear of these "outrages?" An awful outrage has been committed upon Congress, the former masters of that body are turned out in the most outrageous manner, and without ceremony, and the perpetrators walk right in cold blood.

A great outrage has been committed upon third termi proclivites and knocked that kind of ciphering all to Davy Jones.

Ben. Butler, Bill Mann, Gen. Negley, and a host of others of same ilk, have been terribly outraged, and Grant ought at once to order out the brave soger boys.

In fact the democrats played hob on the 3rd inst. They cut such wonderful pranks as to completely astonish the natives, and Grant should order out the millingtary.

But the white-house man is completely scared out of his third term boots, as the outrages committed Tuesday a week ago set in the shade anything he ever witnessed during the rebellion—the whole north and south are captured by the democrats, and somebody should call out the soldiers to resent the outrage.

THE RESULT.

OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS

[N. Y. Tribune.]

It is not anywhere a mere Democratic victory. It is the protest of all classes of citizens against an Administration which supported Jayne, which enriches Sanborn, which lobbied the Salary Bill through Congress, which established its Kelloggs in the South by perjured judges and misused bayonets, and tried to sustain them by slandering an injured people, and which had just put itself forward with the insolent claim for a perpetuation of power. The public had grown weary of six years of rule remarkable for nothing but blundering and greed. The demand for an indefinite extension of misrule was too much for good nature. It needed the sharp answer it has received. This is the end of Grantism. It is not the revival of the rebellion nor the definite rehabilitation of the Democratic party. It simply eliminates Grantism from politics as an impertinent factor, and leaves the two parties confronted—so evenly matched that both must hereafter be careful to make no mistakes. The future belongs to the one who shall earn it.

[N. Y. World.]

So that if, amid this chorus of national rejoicing, it falls to the lot of Democrats to lift their voice the highest, it is only because they have been honored to be the leaders of the people in this prayer for and this work of national regeneration. But the grounds of our exultation are shared in common by all good citizens. The victory won is a victory and not a woe to the conquered. Our deliverance is Republican deliverance just as much. The patriotic masses of the Republican party may indeed be thankful that the mad rioting of their leaders in the insolence of office has been rebuked and arrested. The suffering whites of the South so long plundered in their property by Radical thieves and harried in their persons by Federal emissaries may lift their heads to greet the rising of a better day for them as well as for the nation at large. The poor negro, even he who cast away his ballot refusing to vote because voting had brought him thus far no higher wages, may take his share in the general joy, for with the advent of the Democracy to the control of the nation will come the real "year ob jubilee," when he shall no longer be made the pariah of Radicalism, but enjoy his rightful liberties without becoming the pest of the nation.

Grant's pretorian phalanx has been broken. His "Third Term" banner has been captured and reversed for a scoff and a hissing. The bummers of his army, the spoilers of the South, have been compelled to slacken their hold where the prey has not been wrested from them. The political sorcerers discover that Mortonism has lost its power for a delusion of the defenders of the Republic—the people at the ballot box. Yet this only the first great battle in a long campaign. It is won triumphantly. Yet there are others to be won.

[Chicago Tribune]

But it would be tedious to go over the whole field. The story is the same in each of the twenty-four States that chose Representatives to the Forty-fourth Congress. The dominant party, by attempting to overawe the voters has met with a Waterloo defeat. It finds itself to-day fallen from its high estate; reduced from an allpowerful agency in the administration of the government to a powerless minority. Could a defeat be more complete—more everwhelming?

THE DEMOCRATIC PYRAMID.

OHIO
TEXAS
OREGON
NEVADA
GEORGIA
INDIANA
MISSOURI
ALABAMA
VIRGINIA
ARKANSAS
WISCONSIN
KENTUCKEY
TENNESSEE
LOUISIANA
NEW YORK
MARYLAND
DELAWARE
NEW JERSEY
CONNECTICUT
WEST VIRGINIA
PENNSYLVANIA
MASSACHUSETTS
NORTH CAROLINA
NEW HAMPSHIRE

We would suggest that Butler row up saltriver in a spoon shaped vessel.

Instead of Butler's defeat lessening spoon stealing, those handy articles are in more danger than before, because Butler, since the election, has to be fed on spoon-vittels.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE AT SEA—SEVEN DAYS ADRIFT IN A DORY

The Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertizer gives the following account of the experience of two sailors—George M. Roberts, of Yarmouth, N. S., and Jas. Austin, of Liverpool, N. S.—of the crew of the schooner Marathon, of Glouster, Mass. They left that vessel on Grand Banks at half-past four on the afternoon of the 7th instant, for the purpose of visiting their trawls. Soon after it began to blow and a thick fog set in. A dory in which were two of the crew was paid out from the vessel to their assistance, but the wrap proved too short, and the fog became so thick that they were soon lost sight of. They could hear the shouts of their companions, but all efforts to reach them proved unavailing. Their subsequent experience is thus narrated:

"It soon commenced raining, and the two men made up their minds to do the best they could through the night, in hopes to find their vessel in the morning. Fortunately there were three trawl tubs on board and two of these were made fast to the painter of the dory, and did most excellent service as drags, keeping her head to the sea. The night passed drearily, and they were glad enough when morning dawned. The fog still continued to envelop them, and they concluded to row to the eastward. Took watch and watch this night, in hopes to catch a glimpse of some light from a passing vessel, but their hopes were disappointed. It rained during the night, and they were fortunate enough to catch a good supply of water, in their remaining tub. Of this they drank sparingly, and it served to appease the fearful pangs of hunger and thirst.

"On the third day they rowed to the northwest in hopes to get into the track of the steamers. The fog still continued, and no vessel was seen, and they passed another night in suspense. The men were by this time getting discouraged more especially Mr. Austin, who had contracted a severe cold the first night out, and was troubled with such severe shaking of the limbs that he could not sleep. The morning of the fourth day was clear, and it continued moderate through the day. This gave them courage, and although quite weak, they rowed to the westward, keeping an anxious lookout for some welcome sail, and doing their best to keep up each other's courage. A shark came alongside during the day; and they endeavored to catch him, as they would gladly have partaken of anything eatable, but they were unsuccessfull. When the sun went down that night the poor fellows felt their heart sink within them, and they thought their chances of being picked up were rather slim. Roberts was enabled to pass some of the weary hours in sleep; but this boon, for the most part, was denied his companion. The fifth day was foggy, and they rowed a couple of hours, but felt so used up they gave up pulling, and another dreary night dragged its slow hours along. The sixth day they let the dory drift. Saw the sun once or twice; but no signs of any vessel, and the night shut down again bringing sad forebodings. The seventh day was foggy: yet, strange to say, their courage again revived. They had drank sparingly of the water, and it seemed to satisfy the hungry feeling to a great extent, and rowing some three miles to the northward, they put the tubs out and let the dory drift.

"Their longings to be rescued from that open boat can be imagined not described. The sun went down for the eighth time, and still no signs of relief. They watched eagerly through the evening hours, and knew full well they could not hold out a great while longer. They talked of their chances as men will talk when in the face of a common danger, and both were of the oppinion that they could not survive another twenty-four hours. They then lay down, and both men, in the silent depths of their hearts, prayed most fervently that they might be picked up before morning. Soon after, Roberts thought he heard the noise of a steamer, and raised his head above the side of the dory. Joy unspeakable! there was a steamer's lights not fifty yards distant. The dory had been seen from her deck, and the shouts of the men were soon answered. Roberts was enabled to get on board without help, but it required the assistance of two of the steamer's crew to get Austin on board. It proved to be the ocean steamer Greece, and they were kindly cared for by her captain and officers, and by careful nursing were well-nigh recovered upon her arrival in New York on Wednesday last. Upon leaving the steamer the men were presented with twenty dollars each, a gift from her officers and passengers."

A BRUTAL MURDER.

St. Paul, November 2.—Last night a bloody murder was committed on Tenth street, this city. Joseph, Lick and wife, on returning home about ten o'clock, were set upon by George Lauchtenschlager and George Rapp and his wife, who were evidently lying in wait. Mrs. Lick was murdered on the spot, the instrument used being a hatchet, which was afterwards found. She was teribly mutilated. Mr. Rapp and wife set upon Mr. Lick, the man with a tinner's soldering iron, the woman with a knife. Lick, prostrate, was turned over on his face in a small creek running through the yard, and Rapp stood upon the back of Lick's neck to hold his face in the water until strangulation should ensue. Rapp was frightened by approaching footsteps. Lick was picked up insensible, but may yet die from his wounds. He does not yet know that his wife is dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against all of the assailants, who are in custody.

A DISGRACEFUL FIGHT—A MAN'S FACE BATTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

It appears that Bowery theatre, October 30, at the evening performance, advertised a piece called "Life in New York," for the benefit of a prize fighter called Edwards, in a sparring match to be had between this person and a man named "Fiddler," Neary at first was not up to time. At last, however, when he saw a man called Hogan, with the sobriquet of Patsey, substituted in his place, he descended from the Galary and contested with Edwards.

At the word "time" the herculean "Fiddler" aimed a blow with a fist like a sledge hammer. Edwards stepped aside and struck Neary a fearful blow on the side of the face. The men then closed, and a terrific round ended with the fall of both, Edwards uppermost. Six rounds followed. The "Fiddler" finding his antagonist more skillful than himself, stopped sparring after the second round, and sought to throw Edwards. At length he grew desperate and laid himself open to the fierce assaults of his adversary, who kept cool, waiting for his chances. Every round ended with a fall, and six times out of seven "Fiddler" was under.

When the men fell they struggled desperately, rolling over, striking savagely, until the "sports" on the stage had to disengage them. The crowd arose from their seats en masse and shouted themselves hoarse. Before the end of the fifth round the "Fiddler's" face was battered past recognition, and the blood, which flowed freely from his nose, was spattered over Edwards. At the end of the seventh round Neary "threw up the sponge," and the spectators on the stage lifted Edwards to their shoulders and carried him to the "flies." He was loudly called for. 'For several minutes the uproar was so great that he could not make himself heard. When it ended he walked to the front and panting for breath said: Gentlemen, I hope this will be a lesson to 'Fiddler' Neary, and the next time he promises to put on the gloves with me I guess he will keep his word.'

THE BURNING COAL MINE.

The Burning Mine in Pennsylvania Quenched—How Science Triumphed over Nature.

West Pittston, November 1.—The fire in the "burning mine" is at last conquered. The employment of steam by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre coal company in extinguishing the Empire mine fire has proved a success, which must be of incalculable value not alone in Pennsylvania, but in mining districts everywhere.

The story is one full of fascination and of value as well, in view of the vague and curious ideas of what fire in the mines really amounts to, set forth by comments on the same, even in the midst of the mining regions. The general thought seems to be of a vein of coal burning itself out in certain restricted limits, or so situated that a stream of water could be easily turned in, flooding it out. Comparatively few persons are aware of the absolute necessity of conquering it, involving not merely heavy expenditure, but a warfare taxing to the utmost the inventive and executive ability of men familiar with mines and engineering.

On the hillside, perhaps a mile from where we stood, was the mouth of a slope from which mines now abandoned, were formerly worked; afterwards used as an up-cast for purposes of ventilation in connection with boilers below. These boilers were placed near the head of Empire slope No. 5, which still leads further down into newer workings. Near the entrance to the slope stood a wooden stack which, at 1 a. m., on the 31st of last December, was discovered to be in flames, doubtless carried up to it almost instaneously from fire originating at the boilers. The open space on each side of the slope had been walled up with stone, but with doorways for occasional necessary entrance to the old workings, and the fire had communicated at once through these doors with the timber supports, stretching in all directions through the abandoned chambers. So that, although officers and men were promptly on the spot, they were met at the very first by a torrent of flame, like that which the lake winds swept over Chicago, carried up through a diagonal chimney of 1,200 feet, from what was already a stream of fire on a level of 256 feet, at a plumb line might fall, below the spot where they stood. Water was poured into the slope from a reservoir above, and turned on below from the water pipe that fed the boilers, so soon as they could be reached through the nearest shaft with its connecting gangway, while every effort was used to cut off air from the fire without destroying the ventilation necessary for the workers. But at the end of three hours the slope fell in, shutting the fire in from above.

At the close of February the fire, save for about 200 feet, had been securely enclosed, and the end seemed near, when sound and sign gave token that the roof of the old workings to the west was about to fall. This had been so provided for as to insure its coming quietly, but the men, fearing the concussion of air which results from violent falls, and which drives even loaded cars like playthings before it out of the mines refused to remain. Watchers were stationed at safe distances, but the fall came so gently that they were unaware of it. On March 1 the officers found that it was over, but while the men were absent the fire had swept through the open space and covered a field far beyond its original dimensions; air currents were reversed, connecting passages closed or flooded. To stop the fans was certain death to the men; to keep them going was to feed the fire.

It was at this time when new measures were imperative that the mine boss, Lewis S. Jones, urged the trial of steam. From the 12th to the 13th of March it was tested in spaces still unclosed. A well entirely surrounding the old workings was completed with eager haste; all cave holes above were tightly packed with clay; a single airway, to be afterwards gradually closed, alone remain in. The steam from eighteen boilers was driven down through pipes already inserted, and early in May all eyes looked their joyful farewell to the fire. At that time the thermometer attached to the test pipes registered 176 degrees. A month later the lower stratum was cold. The steam, however, will be kept confined until the first of January next, to provide against any possibility of lurking danger.

THE SACRIFICE FOR SINS.

The Rev. Dr. Gervaise Smith, Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference, England, preached at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Brooklyn. He was assisted in the service by Bishop Janes and Drs. Roche and Chapman. The speaker took for his text the 12th and 13th verses of the 10th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews: "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sin forever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made his footstool." This perfect sacrifice of Christ was made the special theme of the discourse. After citing the customs prevalent among the priests "who stood daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins," Dr. Smith said:

These customs were only the shadows—the mere outlines of the true picture. The sacrifices of atonement were only types which could not reach the conscience or take away sin—they could not renovate a man's moral nature. The rational conclusion must be this—ritual sacrifices do not avail in putting away the turpitude of sin. The Savior offered one sacrifice for sins forever. By "this man" Jesus was meant; "man" being put antithetically to "priest" in the preceding verse. The nature of sacrifices was threefold: the Christian sacrifices (the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit), the Jewish sacrifices, and the perfect sacrifice of Christ. Two things are required of sacrifices—that they be voluntary and that they be actually offered up, not as an atonement. Christ says no man taketh away my life. Judean crowds and priests and Pharisees might endeavor to take away his life, but he laid it down without compulsion. He also laid it down voluntarily, and all his sufferings were sacrifices. Two classes of persons witnessed his death. One class welcomed it with shouts of joy; the other silently prepared his body for the grave. You don't think the Roman soldiers pitied him? Pity in a Roman soldier! The reason they didn't mutilate his body was because he was dead. The Gospel constantly makes reference to sacrifices. The prophets announce that God ordered that Christ should suffer. John called him the lamb of sacrifice, and there is no doubt that sacrifice reached everywhere. Now concerning the character of the sacrifice. Sin is remarkable for the variety of its meanings. There is but one word whose signification is wider, and that word is salvation. The vicariousness of sacrifice is the thought of the text. All who set themselves against the divinity of Christ, set themselves against atonement. Is it or not unjust of the sufferer to offer atonement by proxy? The notion of expiation is noticed everywhere in common life, as in business sureties in the commercial world and hostages in war, but the expiation loses its force if it has one of these marks; if it be made by one's own will, because it is right or that the ends of penal law may be effectually served. After all that has been said against the doctrine of substitution, we profess to cling to atonement.

If it is true that sacrifices were typical of atonement, the sacrifices of Jesus were an atonement for the sins of men. The doctrine of the Old Testament is decidedly that of atonement. There are two or three sacrifices of a secondary nature. The sacrifices of the heathen, the subsitutionary term (our word is for, as "he died for a propitiation for our sins"), and as in the sacrifice of Jesus, death of sin. The perfectness of sacrifice shows itself in unity and efficacy, in the one in opposition to the many of law. The papal ceremony of mass is worthless, is sinful. There is but one sacrifice The people are apt to say, "There stands in Heaven a lamb as" if "it had been slain." There is no if. The lamb stands the same to-day as it did on Calvary. Jesus takes in His hand the censers of all, and puts them at the footstool of God. Jesus was installed in mediatorial dignity at the right hand of God. Stephen, dying, saw Jesus at the right hand of God. The mediatorial posture is this, "He sat down." He came to accomplish an object, and having accomplished he returned to His abiding place There is a further thought of rest in an object accomplished. "The night cometh when no man shall work." Jesus sits until the judgment, when He will reward the good and punish the evil doers. Finally, the extent of the cession of our enemies. Who are our enemies? Sin and Satan oppose us. Death is our final foe. There is a word which indicates the conflict will be severe, but the more fearful the contest the more glorious the victory. We say a man was conquered when he died, but you never crown the vanquished. It is the demon you see overcome.

"From henceforth expecting." Christ is carrying out the great work and bringing the world to himself. How? Not as an angry beast, not by strategy, but with a calm assurance. He looks upon some of us and we are frightened and cry out, "It's falling." A raw recruit who is detailed to work in a trench, on seeing the ground about him falling in, cries out, "The country is ruined, the battle lost," but he does not see the prospect as does his general on yonder hill. You speak of resolution as a mark of manhood. Then surely you will not deny it to the author of manhood, who said "to me every knee shall bend." From whom expecting? Not from a holy spirit, nor from adversities, but from the Church which has the humblest yet most intimate bearing on the world's salvation. To each of us is given a mission—to some to preach, to some the care of the young or sick or dying. He has set before you your work and sits on the throne expecting you to do it. Do you refuse? Then some one else will do it; but conceive the solemnity of that day, when the good shall hear the words "well done." Conceive the feelings of that man who knows then he has not done his duty. My brethren, we summon you to the battle of God Almighty.

SINS OF OMISSION.

The Rev. Chas. S. Robison, D. D., preached in the Presbyterian Memorial Church. He chose for his text: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin," James iv., 17. Dr. Robinson said substantially:

When the Apostle John, who seems so gentle, breaks out in the expression, "If we say that we have not sinned we make God a liar, and His word is not in us," we are startled. We instinctively look at the connection of such sentences to see if we may not have mistaken the meaning. When we read again: "If we say we have fellowship with God and walk in darkness, we lie and do not tell the truth," such statements appear to us all somewhat extreme. It always surprises us to find an habitually mild man using such strong language. But if we are forced to the conviction that he is in earnest and really means what he says, then we forget the speaker in the violence of the sentiment. We begin to stubbornly deny the charges. He says: "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But even this does not take off the sharp edge altogether, for we have no notions, we are so utterly deceived. The fact is undeniable that most men have no true conviction of personal guilt, such as demands ignorance for an apology, or offers it as an exculpation. At all events we are not willing meekly to be told that the mere feeling of injustice under the sweeping condemnation is equivalent to plunging back upon the Divine Being who made us, the accusation of himself bearing false witness.

It is probable we make two mistakes at once. We do not attempt to add up the numbers of our actual transgressions, and we do not remember that non-performance of right is the same as real wrong. It becomes evident that all the sacred writers have another standard than ours by which they more accurately register the heinousness of human conduct in the sight of a pure God. The fear is, in every exhibition of men's responsibility for behavior, that many a one will be found who is attempting to pass all particulars by and take a sweet satisfaction in confessing generals. He will admit that he is a sinner perhaps. Everybody is. He supposes he may have broken the Decalogue. But you will ask him in vain to mention the commandment. Sometimes one will acknowledge that he is exposed to the curse of the law. In the same moment, however, he is prepared to make a stand of denial at each precept in turn. And he actually appears sincere. He may have committed sin, but no sins. He is defiled, but not exactly blameworthy.

Some people there are who have a choice in the parts of Scripture they read. They think the Apostle John is mystical sometimes, and sometimes extreme in his views. They consider the Apostle Paul metaphysical, and they quote as quite helpful in their judgment, the closing remark of the Apostle Peter, who said that his "beloved brother Paul" spoke of "some things hard to be understood." On the whole, they appear to like best the Apostle James. He is practical. He has thorough common sense. He does not run off into philosophical disquisitions concerning faith. He notes what a virtuous man does, and gives him some little decency of credit for virtuous behavior. Especially men of the world, of correct life and amiable temper, have a high regard for this soberminded man. Now it is not necessary for me here to combat or adopt this general estimate of the one epistle which this disciple of our Lord was inspired to send to the churches. I only pause to congratulate my hearers upon the fact that our text to-day was penned by a writer so popular. The verse will undoubtedly sound like a favorite quotation from a welcome chapter: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." But now that the question of authorship is passed, and the verse is thoroughly commended to our study, we do not seem to have made much advance. It will not do to array this Apostle against the rest. He says precisely what the others do, but what is more to the point, he actually repeats here the declaration of his Lord and ours as to the fact that not doing our duty is the same as positive doing of wrong. The two classes of people Christ addresses at the judgment day differ in the formula, thus, "Inasmuch as ye did," and "Inasmuch as ye did it not," and it was those who "did it not" who had to take their places upon the left hand. It is evident that this text contains a new but very plain definition of sin. This simple verse asserts that a man is held responsible for not doing a duty just as much as for transgressing a law; that he becomes respnsible the instant he knows what the duty is; and that each individual is responsible for his own conduct. It seems clear that before we can settle the moral state of any given individual, we shall be compelled to take into consideration his lack of position, obedience, and service, when tested by the light he has received. In nothing else does sin display its satanic origin and nature so evidently as in its insidious powers of massing itself in and upon a human soul without that soul's becoming painfully or alarmingly conscious of its baleful presence. This is what constitutes the peculiar "deceitfulness" of transgression, concerning which we are so frequently warned in the Scriptures. Sometimes all, as in a moment, the entire discovery is made.

The painful disclosure I honestly and sorrowfully believe there is no person in any intelligent community informed enough to understand how searching the law of God lays hold upon motives and purposes, and all the hidden movements of the mind, who cannot even now recall the day and the hour when his will crossed God's will in an actual experience of speech or of deed, and he determined to have his own way—did know it—and knows now this very moment that in that decision and behavior he deliberately sinned against the God of Heaven. There are so many of us, faces on earth living somewhere near or distant, which we desire never to behold again; faces which seen in our business haunts or social circles, and likely to claim old acquaintance with us, would mantle our cheeks with shame. There are tongues which could speak in some ears only a few words of recollection and recall, which we would give the world rather than have whispered in the presence of those friends who respect us and trust us to-day. Do you suppose King David is the only man who ever lived, who could pray or has prayed: "Lord, remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions." We must not ask God to forgive us because we have sinned a little, but greatly. We must plead guilty, and then beg mercy.

Fall Opening of Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at
MISS LUCY DEININGER'S,
IN CENTRE HALL,
who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of New Bonnets, New Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.
The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. Oct 29 4t.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE:—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the duplicate of School-tax for the present year is in the hands of the undersigned. All such tax paid on or before December 1st 1874, will have an abatement of 5 per cent. Thirty days after said date there will be no abatement, and on all such tax remaining unpaid after January 1, 1875, there will be an addition of 5 per cent to the amount on duplicate, as prescribed by law.
S. M. SWARTZ, Treas.
10 Sept 3 m.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY. NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS
The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.
They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.
HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLARGRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.
We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.
We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.
We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP, Centre Hall.
jan21-1y.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE,
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.
HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,
and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c. may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware
CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS
which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.
SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.
This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood, Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.
Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
my8-1y. A. W. GRAFF.

C. PECK'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT.
Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.
DRY GOODS and
Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of
NOTIONS:
A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.
HATS & CAPS,
A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.
CLOTHING,
Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most servicable materials.
BOOTS & SHOES,
WM. WOLF.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.
J. O. DEININGER
A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.
Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.
Pictures framed in the finest style.
Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.
☞ Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere
aug 25' 73-tf

The Granger Store!
Something New!
CASH AND PRODUCE FOR
CHEAP GOODS.
SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.
ISREAL GRENOBLE,
Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,
In short a full line of
EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE
COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.
5feb. y.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
J. & J. HARRIS.
No. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.
Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paint, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at
june5'68-tf. J. & J. HARRIS.

I. Guggenheimer
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer except the Leather and Shoe-finding, has filled up his shelves with a lot of
SPLENDID NEW GOODS,
embracing
READY MADE CLOTHING,
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES
and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.
P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in
LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

THE undersigned, determined to meet the popular demand for Lower Prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of
SADDLERY,
now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of
Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles, of every description and quality; Whips, and in fact everything to complete a first-class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times
JACOB DINGES, Centre Hall

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!
At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of
Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook,
the Eclipse Cook,
the Reliance Cook.
PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner, National Egg, Jewell, &c.
☞ He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.
TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE
STOVE PIPE & SPOUTING
All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand
Fruit Cans, of all Sizes,
BUCKETS,
CUPS,
DIPPERS,
DISHES, &C.
All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage licited. AND. REESMAN,
2sep70y Centre Hall

FURNITURE.
JOHN BRECHBILL,
in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.
Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.
CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,
and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of
WALL PAPER.
Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y.

Gift & Flory's
New Shoe Store!
AT CENTRE HALL.
They have now opened, and will constantly keep on hand, a splendid stock of new SHOES, GAITERS, & SLIPPERS, for men, women and children, from the best manufactories in the country, and now offered at the
Lowest Prices.
BOOTS and SHOES made to order, upon short notice. They invite the people of this vicinity to give them a call, as they will strive to merit a share of their patronage. my10tf

H. N. M'ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Centre co., Pa. ap68tf

D. M. RITTENHOUSE,
WITH
KOONS, SCHWARZ & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Fish, Cheese and Provisions,
144 North Delaware Avenue,
137 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
[illegible] G. SCHWA[illegible] J. SCHWAR[illegible]
mar6.1y.

REGISTERS NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County to be held at Bellefonte, for allowance and confirmation, on Wednesday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1874.

1. The account of James Glenn administrator of &c., of Daniel Riley late of Harris twp., Centre county, dec'd.
2. The account of Samuel Tibbens guardian of Emanuel, Franklin, Jacob, Josephine and Jeremiah Garbrick, children of Hannah Garbrick dec'd.
3. The account of A. C. Witherite, and M. W. Fetzer administrators of &c., of Andrew Fetzer late of Boggs twp., Centre Co., dec'd.
4. The account of Jeremiah Haines and Jonathan Gramley, Executors of &c., of George Gramley, late of Penn twp., Centre Co., dec'd.
5. The account of J. D. Shugert, Guardian of Bella J. Hoover, a minor child of John T. Hoover late of Bellefonte, dec'd.
6. The account of the administration of Rudolph Gingerich, administrator of &c., of Mrs. Fanny Gingerich, late of Worth twp., Centre Co., dec'd.
7. The account of George Mark, administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Nicholas Bressler, late of Penn twp., dec'd.
8. The account of J. P. Gephart, surviving administrator of &c., of George Shaffer late of Walker twp., dec'd.

JOHN. H. MORRISON, Register.
Oct. 29

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.
JUST PUBLISHED, IN A SEALED ENVELOPE. PRICE 6 CTS. A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT, AND RADICAL cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without the dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out the mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
☞ This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two post stamps
Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.
127 Bowery, New York; Post Office Box, 4586.
16 July.

BUTTS HOUSE
BELLEFONTE, PA.
J. B. BUTTS, Prop'r.
Has first class accommodation; charges reasona[ble]
janr, tf.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY NOV. 12, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Gov. Curtin has our thanks for a set of the Constitutional Convention Debates, bound in 8 volumes. They are a valuable addition to our political literature for reference upon the many important questions discussed in that eminent body of which Gov. Curtin was one of the leading minds, and whose views are among the soundest delivered in the assembly of the ablest men of the commonwealth.

——Judge Orvis ran ahead of the ticket in Clinton County.

——The democracy of Centre Hall celebrated the recent victories, on Wednesday evening last, by bonfires and firing anvils. Old father Krise and Mr. Slotman have the credit for originating the affair which was attended by the citizens of this vicinity generally, some of whom were called upon for short addresses.

——The finest assortment of confectioneries ever made, at the elegant establishment of J. Welch, next to 1st Nat. Bank. Just go and see them. Wonderful! and worth the price to see them.

——Photograph Albums, all styles and prices, from $1 up to $15—at J. Welch's next door to 1st Nat. Bank, Bellefonte.

—— A son of Wm. Wolf, of Gregg twp., aged 15 years, a few days ago, husked 187 ears of corn from the stock, in 6½ minutes. Smart boy.

——Hoffer & Kline, in the iron front, at Bellefonte, is the people's store, in every respect. The people buy there cheaper and better goods; they always find a full and complete assortment, and whatever they need, and know that new goods are weekly received. Go to Hoffer & Kline's for dry goods, groceries, or anything in the line of clothing.

——The local of the Republican, at 3 a. m. after the election was seen hugging a barber pole, near his office because it savored of the African, and was mumbling to himself, "W-h-ho s-s-struck B-b-b-bil Pa-pa-terson." He shortly after went across to Burnside's wooden nigger and addressed him thus, "Well, o-o-ld f-f-f-fellow, we're l-l-licked."

——Well now it is a fact, that if you are not having cheap groceries, boots, shoes, wood and willow ware, its just because you are standing in your own light, and don't buy these things, and many other articles at Burnsides & Thomas, opposite the Bush House, where they sell just a trifle above cost for Cash. Now just go, farmers and try it, you'll save money sure, and think they are the fairest men you ever met to deal with.

——The Republican has it that we had got better since the election and can eat sour-krout again. Yes, and since the same time you're sosick and bellyachy you can't eat krout or anything else.

——Hah! already on hand, and still coming, Holliday Presents,—toys, fine goods, perfumery, pocket books, and anything that's fancy and nice. At Welch's elegant store, next to 1st Nat. Bank, Bellefonte.

——How queer the late election—it brought a good many *sighs* for some, while for others it was not *Cyse* enough.

——In another column will be found a letter from a repuplican, from up ye Salt, giving the latest news.

——Some local artist has mailed us a political pen caricature, representing two individuals. It is headed, "The 'People's Choice'—Boo-hoo-sir and Sigh-see."

The first individual is a good sized man, with stove-pipe hat, horizontal whiskers, over coat "all buttoned down before," pants rolled up, stick in one hand and carpet sack in the other labeled "J. B." "Harrisburg, Dauphin Co., Pa.," having been inscribed, before the election no doubt, is now crossed out and "Salt River" peeps out over it, and the fellow J —— B—— legging it for Salt River. The other is a crab-faced, cadaverous chap, broad brim wool-hat, bushy hair, sack coat, slender legs, one hand fumbling in coat pocket, the other holds a little carpet-bag, labeled "C. A., Salt River." The feet of "the people's" choice, are turned in opposite directions, as though the fellow was halting between two opinions, one propeller wanting to go one way and the other in another direction. Our artist hits it pretty well, and there has been many a laugh over his picture.

——James I. Foster, of Akron, O., formerly of near Spring Mills, is in on a visit. James looks well, and is much pleased with his new home.

——Ladies of Pennsvalley, do you know that the best place to buy the most stylish dry-goods, trimmings, and anything you need, is at H. Herman & Co., opposite the Bush House.

——The best refutation of the inexcusable slanders against L. A. Mackey, in the bastard "True Democrat," is the tremendous majority he received in his own county—nearly 2100! Col. Mackey ran ahead in every towhship but two.

—Dr. R. H. Van Valzeah of Spring Mills, died very suddenly of apoplexy, on Tuesday morning last. When he awoke in the morning, feeling some pain, he called his sister telling her to bring him some laudanum; she feeling alarmed called some of the neighbors, but in spite of all assistance, he expired in a very short time. His funeral takes place Thursday, 12th.

——The farm of Peter Durst dec'd, in the Loop was knocked off to Benj. Bitner, on last Saturday, at $60 per acre.

☞Next week we will enclose bills to all in arrears on subscription, and we trust to have the necessary response from our friends. We must pay Cash for work material, paper and ink, as we go, and therefore are obliged to send out duns, and if any are omitted, they can see upon the address, on the newspaper of each week, how far they have paid, and thus send us the *needful* without feeling the least modesty about it.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned is the bona fide owner of the following property, now in the possession of Daniel Horner: All the Crops on the premises, all the live stock, 1 hayrake, 1 broadwheel wagon, 1 harrow, and 1 plow, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure. All persons are therefore cautioned against meddling with the same.
Nov. 12. GEO. DURST.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

☞Any one wishing to trade a good one horse sleigh on corn, will apply to W. A. Cury, at Centre Hall. 22 Oct 4t.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER offeredto the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other Instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia, Prolapsus Ut ri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incuring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER & SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents Aug 27 3m

Montgomery, Ala., November 3.—Several negro women dressed in men's clothing voted the Republican ticket at Huntsville to-day. They were arrested and placed in jail.

Centre County Election. November 3rd, 1874.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF CENTRE COUNTY FOR 1872.

Hartranft.	Buckalew.	1874. BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Lieut Gov. Olmsted, R.	Lieut Gov. Latta, D.	Auditor Gen. Allen, R.	Auditor Gen. Temple, D.	Sec'y Inter. Affairs Beath, R.	Sec'y Inter. Affairs M'Candless, D.	Sup. Jug. Paxson, R.	Sup. Jug. Woodward, D.	Add. law Judg. McEnally, R.	Add. law Judg. Orvis, D.	Congress Alexander, R.	Congress Mackey, D.	Senator McCormick, R.	Senator Wallace, D.	Assembly Boozer, R.	Assembly	Assembly Shugert, D.	Assembly Wolf, D.	Dist. Att'y Love, R.	Dist. Att'y Spangler, D.	Com'r. Ross, R.	Com'r. Hall, D.
92	53	Bellefonte W. Ward	56	39	56	39	55	40	55	40	68	27	81	14	55	40	57		40	43	58	36	54	39
115	106	Bellefonte S. Ward	82	118	82	118	74	125	77	114	101	96	155	44	87	113	80		116	129	84	113	83	116
146	80	Bellefonte N. Ward	144	82	144	81	142	84	143	81	139	86	180	45	146	80	145		106	78	144	81	144	83
100	36	Milesburg Borough	54	48	54	48	53	49	52	47	87	17	88	19	60	18	60		48	47	49	48	60	46
45	22	Unionville Borough	38	25	38	25	38	25	37	24	37	25	38	24	39	25	39		24	24	40	24	38	26
37	34	Howard Borough	38	37	38	37	38	37	38	36	29	45	32	38	40	36	40		36	36	38	39	34	43
168	119	Philipsburg Borough	94	107	95	106	95	106	95	105	99	102	81	102	90	107	92		105	106	90	107	91	106
242	128	Boggs	109	107	109	107	108	108	109	107	134	78	116	95	113	81	112		108	108	112	106	112	106
106	170	Benner	78	132	78	132	72	138	80	131	112	96	159	52	90	122	78		134	135	78	135	77	136
46	32	Burnside	25	25	25	25	25	25	26	26	25	27	52	......	25	22	26		26	26	25	26	25	26
36	58	Curtin	26	36	25	36	25	36	25	36	11	48	23	35	26	34	25		55	35	24	36	25	36
157	227	Ferguson	99	154	99	154	98	155	99	151	97	151	120	132	102	148	96		154	151	94	158	98	154
67	281	Gregg	44	208	44	208	44	208	43	208	47	198	42	204	44	209	48		208	197	50	203	45	207
103	195	Haines	62	163	62	163	62	163	60	164	60	159	51	166	62	164	62		162	161	62	164	62	164
82	44	Halfmoon	76	43	77	42	77	42	78	39	76	40	77	41	75	43	75		44	45	81	37	75	43
245	174	Harris	185	148	185	148	185	148	185	148	181	149	186	138	183	149	186		146	142	191	141	183	145
106	66	Howard	49	49	49	49	48	48	49	49	46	50	45	48	62	49	49		50	48	50	47	49	49
119	53	Huston	67	28	67	28	67	28	67	29	72	21	72	19	68	29	68		29	29	67	29	68	29
137	59	Liberty	77	44	77	44	77	44	77	43	63	56	58	59	76	45	74		49	45	75	45	75	46
44	89	Marion	28	70	28	70	28	70	27	71	28	69	31	65	28	70	29		68	62	31	66	27	71
58	251	Miles	40	249	40	249	40	249	39	248	28	249	66	222	38	249	52		248	219	34	254	86	251
100	54	Patton	70	42	70	42	69	43	71	41	84	24	94	16	72	40	73		39	42	71	40	70	41
36	262	Penn	28	237	28	237	28	237	28	235	28	226	16	241	28	238	31		232	209	27	233	28	238
135	378	Potter	117	307	117	307	116	308	117	305	115	298	141	275	118	309	129		295	309	97	326	121	306
126	139	Rush	23	88	23	88	23	88	23	89	23	89	23	89	24	87	24		87	87	24	87	24	87
100	102	Snow Shoe	54	91	54	91	53	91	56	89	61	85	77	66	55	89	55		90	89	54	90	55	89
195	145	Spring	127	129	127	129	122	133	137	120	157	94	201	55	136	120	132		125	128	134	125	133	126
48	40	Taylor	28	38	28	38	28	38	27	39	27	39	62	1	28	38	26		42	38	29	88	28	38
113	65	Union	85	58	85	58	85	58	86	58	87	57	89	53	85	58	85		58	58	86	57	85	58
113	193	Walker	59	134	59	134	59	134	50	134	50	134	50	137	59	134	59		134	133	60	132	59	134
75	58	Worth	56	57	56	57	55	57	55	58	59	54	47	63	55	58	55		57	57	54	58	56	57
3292	3712	Total	2118	3883	2119	3098	2090	3115	2120	3065	2250	2889	2553	2556	2157	3003	2162		3095	3014	2113	3081	2120	3096
Buckalew's Majority	420	Majorities		965		971		1025		945		639		3		846			933	852		968		976

Letter From Salt River.

HEAD QUARTERS, SALT RIVER, Nov. 7, 1874.

EDITOR REPORTER:—I propose giving you a brief sketch of our trip up this grand old river, known to so many of all parties, with an outline of our proposed avocations &c., during our stay. We left Centre Hall at dawn on Wednesday; took the boat BOOZER on the under-ground route at the head of Penns Creek, sailed around under Nittany mountain into Spring Creek, where we were joined by the new craft *Cyse*, commanded by Capt. Hastings with Jack Love as 1st mate. As we were neighbors, we concluded to sail together, Hastings being the senior officer, was put in command of the entire fleet from Centre county.

Within an hour after our cargo was landed we struck the Salty brine. Nothing happened worthy of note during our trip with the exception of boat loads of the downfallen every hour or so, coming into the main stream from the different branches, with the American Eagle at half mast draped in mourning. The boats Mc'Nally, Mc'Cormick and others, were of the iron clad species. They could not propell worth a cent prior to the election, but work well on Salt water. The monotony of three days brought us to our journey's end, where we landed at the abandoned democratic camp. While seeking around for old relics, we came across the one hundred democrats from Potter township who failed to come to the polls last Tuesday. After a rigid cross-examination as to why they did not turn out, they replied that it was true that Fred Kurtz took two dollars and a half for his vote while in the Legislature and they could prove it by the *True Democrat*, so they concluded to remain up. The first work we did after landing was to prepare our cabins for the future—God knows how long. The next was to build a general hospital which was put under the immediate charge of Dr. Musser. It's first patients were Boozer, R. H. Duncan, Jas. P. Coburn and Col. McFarland, who are, with many others, dangerously ill with a new disease called *How-long-is-this-to-last*. Now comes the organization of camp: It was intended to make Hastings Commander in Chief, but Ben Butler has appointed him private Secretary to his lordship, and he is now engaged in writing out Butler's regrets that he cannot be present at the Beecher-Tilton trial. Poor Butler has all our sympathies; he sits around winking and squinting, reminding me of a jack-in-latern made out of a big pumpkin, with the corners of his mouth flopping.

The duty of Commander in Chief falls on Col. Shortlidge; camp guard is composed of the lost one hundred from Potter township.

Now comes what avocation shall we chose while here? Will Shoop says there is no need of a foundry, so he will start up the carriage making in Levi Murray's old stand. As there are no stumps to be pulled Beamer has concluded to go into the lime business, and has taken possesion of George Koch's quarters which he found in a very dilapidated condition. Andy Reesman thinks he will not change his business, so he is hammering away at the sheet-iron. Andy Gregg has taken possession of George Durst's plantation, and is going to raise bullocks; Curry says you shall tell his wife to send up his boot and shoe sign. Daddy Bitner is going to start up a grammar school. Rev. Galbraith is going to run the outside shows of the Pharmacutists; Uncle George Oderkirk has not decided as yet what to do, but thinks he will build a railroad. Frank Harlacher is undecided whether he will sell goods at S. S. Wolf's old stand or whether he will start a bank in Billy Mingle's place; Jake Koch takes Spangler's hotel, all he wants is a pair of gold specks—he says old man Slotman could not blow the way he did if he had him here. The writer hereof proposes to run the Reporter until you return, but don't, don't, stay fifteen years, like you did while up here. Well, democrats you have got us, we believe as all true Americans should, that the majority should rule. Your humble servant honestly and candidly hopes that the change is for the better. Hopes that you will find out what that "*something is the matter*" is, and have it removed. Bring out your honest men; put them in power; hoist the name of Andrew G. Curtin for President of the United States, we have lived under him, we have fought under him, we believe him to be honest, let him be republican or democrat, we believe him to be capable and worthy. I think I shall hoist his name up here and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. As the songist says:

Good by, John, don't stay long.

X. Y. Z.

——Mr. Daniel Kennelly, of Plainfield, Ill., paid us a visit, on Tuesday. Mr. K. left this valley 27 years ago.

——Mr. Peter Philips, of Snydertown, writes us that Mr. John Emrick raised 160 bushels of corn to the acre, and that his whole corn crop will average 148 bushels to the acre. Also that Mr. Jacob Gobble had to do as the rich man did, build larger, in order to store up his corn, having about 21 acres from which he raised 2100 bushels.

——The house, lot, smithshop, of Philip Musser, dec'd in Gregg, will be offered at public sale, Dec. 19. See adv.

☞Persons owing school tax, are notified that the Treasurer, S. M. Swartz, will be at Centre Hall, Monday, Nov. 23, and at Potters Mills, the following Wednesday, 25 Nov., to receive tax, the time for 5 per cent expiring on the last of November.

Dr. Joseph M Micken, one of the staunchest Democrats in Pennsylvania, and a popular and genial gentleman, died at his residence in Mill Hall, Clinton county, on Wednesday last.

Geo. W. Daicy, Philipsburg's defaulting post master, was sentenced for a term of fifteen years in the Western Penitentiary.

——The President has fixed on Thursday 26th inst., as thanksgiving day.

The Elections



A CLEAN SWEEP FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO LOUISIANA.

LARGE DEMOCRATIC GAINS IN 24 STATES.

Gains in Governors, Congressmen, and U. S. Senators.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The following table of the majorities for lieutenant governor is official, except the counties of Alleghany, Forest, Philadelphia and Sullivan. It will be several days before the official count will be announced in Philadelphia. Temple's majority will be about the same as Latta's and McCandless will be 3,000 votes ahead of his ticket:

	Latta, D.	Olmsted, R.
Adams	445	......
Allegheny	500	......
Armstrong	......	335
Beaver	......	393
Bedford	435	......
Berks	5,311	......
Blair	......	164
Bradford	......	1,258
Bucks	752	......
Butler	......	426
Cambria	1,141	......
Cameron	......	30
Carbon	360	......
Centre	965	......
Chester	......	1,586
Clarion	1,300	......
Clearfield	1,483	......
Clinton	955	......
Columbia	1,838	......
Crawford	......	97
Cumberland	695	......
Dauphin	......	1,220
Delaware	......	1,392
Elk	663	......
Erie	......	475
Fayette	603	......
Forest	......	50
Franklin	247	......
Fulton	319	......
Greene	1,194	......
Huntingdon	......	237
Indiana	......	1,896
Jefferson	113	......
Juniata	507	......
Lancaster	......	4,367
Lawrence	......	1,429
Lebanon	......	1,147
Lehigh	1,746	......
Luzerne	1,877	......
Lycoming	1,952	......
M'Kean	3	......
Mercer	......	339
Mifflin	157	......
Monroe	1,567	......
Montgomery	313	......
Montour	580	......
Northampton	2,970	......
Northumberland	284	......
Perry	145	......
Philadelphia	......	12,500
Pike	891	......
Potter	......	586
Schuylkill	1,667	......
Snyder	......	365
Summerset	......	1,208
Sullivan	400	......
Susquehanna	......	546
Tioga	......	1,877
Union	......	661
Venango	......	27
Warren	......	546
Washington	54	......
Wayne	197	......
Westmoreland	1,873	......
Wyoming	197	......
York	3,028	......
	38,366	35,073
	35,073	
Latta's majority	3,293	

The latest returns make Latta's majority 13,018.

General McCandles, Democrat, will will have about 9,000 majority for Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Temple, Democratic candidate for Auditor General, is elected by nearly 4,000 majoriiy.

The most remarkable revolution was in Alleghany county, where the democrats carry the State ticket by over 600, elect twelve of fourteen Assemblymen, and two members of Congress. This county has not had a democrat in the Legislature for many years. Two years ago it gave a Republican majority of nearly 10,000.

Pennsylvania shows the largest Democratic Congressional gain of any state in the Union, electing seventeen members, a gain of twelve. The Democratic majority in the congressional ticket is about 22,000.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Democrats have a majority in joint ballot in the Legislature, securing a U. S. Senatar. The Senate stands 29 rads, and 21 democrats. The House 111 Democrats to 90 rads—a democratic majority on joint ballot of 13.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

From the best information at hand we believe the Pennsylvania congressional delegation will stand as follows:

Democrats—17.

Dist.		Dist.	
3.	S J Randall,	19.	Levi Maish,
5	John Robbins,	20.	L A Mackey,
8.	Heister Clymer,	21.	Jacob Turney,
10.	W Mutchler,	22.	J H Hopkins,
11.	F D Collins,	23.	A E Cochran,
13	J B Reilly,	25.	G A Jenks,
15.	Joseph Powell,	26.	James Sheakley,
17.	John Reilly,	27.	A G Egbert.
18.	W S Stenger,		

Republicans—10.

Dist.		Dist.	
1.	C Freeman,	9.	A Herr Smith,
2.	Chas O'Neill,	12.	W W Ketcham,
4.	W D Kelly,	14.	J B Packer,
6.	W Townsend,	16.	Sobieska Ross,
7.	Alan Wood,	24.	J W Wallace.

The 25th and 27th districts are the only ones not conceded to the democrats by their opponents.

——The house of Allen Mouser, at New Holland, Ohio, was burned on Thursday last, and $30,000 in greenbacks in his desk were consumed with it.

——Twelve inches of snow are said to have fallen at Erie, on Saturday 23.

Washington, November 6.—The political complexion of the next Congress continues to grow in such importance as to thoroughly alarm the Republicans for the safety of the Senate. The Democratic majority in the next House promises to be nearly eighty, while the Senators elected and to be elected by Democratic Legislatures will reduce the Republican majority in that body to eight, which can be overcome in the election of 1876 by Democratic Legislatures partially holding over and to be elected.

NEW YORK.

Democrats estimate Tilden's majority in the State at fully 50,000. Samuel S. Cox, Democrat, is re-elected in the Sixth district by probably an increased majority. The Democrats carry two-thirds of the Congressmen from this State, and have twenty majority in the Assembly; 478 districts outside this city show a net Democratic gain over last year's vote of 9,847.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, November 3.—The election of Gaston, Democrat, for Governor, is conceded on all sides with a probable majority from 8,000 to 10,000. Banks has made a clean sweep in the Fifth district, Gooch not carrying a single town except his own. Williams and Alexander are also defeated by small majorities. Ayer is defeated in the Seventh district. Gen. Butler has been defeated for Congress by 1,000 majority, if not more.

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, November 4.—Bedle's (Democrat) majority for Governor is 12,000. The Congressional delegation stands five Democrats to two Republicans. The House stands thirty-nine Democrats to twenty-one Republicans. The Democrats gain, over last year, eleven on joint ballot. The Legislature is Democratic by eleven majority, and will elect a United States Senator to succeed John P. Stockton.

MISSOURI.

Entire Congressional Delegation Democratic.

St. Louis, November 5.—Returns from the State are still very meagre, but enough is known to show that the Democratic majority will not be less than 48 thousand and may be over 50 thousand. The Congressional delegation will be entirely Democratic, a gain of four members, but the majorities of the interior districts cannot yet be given.

GEORGIA.

A solid Democratic Congressional Delegation.

Augusta, November 4.—Dabney is elected to Congress from the 7th district by 200 or 300 majority.

C. Hartridge, Democratic, for Congress is certainly elected. Smith, Democrat, is elected by 1,500 majority. The entire delegation to Congress is Democratic beyond doubt.

Augusta, November 3.—Alexander H. Stephens is elected almost without opposition.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, November 4.—Further returns from the Sixth Congressional district which seem reliable, though unofficial, indicate the election of Walsh, Democrat, to Congress over Loundes, Republican, the present member. This will make the entire delegation Democratic.

ALABAMA.

Montgomery, November 4.—Enough gains are reported to insure the election of the Democratic state ticket by 10,000 majority. Five democratic congressmen certain, and a chance for two others, and a majority in the legislature. The white people of the state are rejoicing. More negroes voted the democratic ticket in this state than whites voted the republican. Democratic gains are reported from every county heard from except Sumter.

Montgomery, November 4.—The democrats claim a gain of three congressmen in the state.

20,000 DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY IN ILLINOIS CLAIMED.

Chicago, November 4.—Taking the estimates of majorities on the Congressional tickets, the Democrats have a net majority of 12,000 or 15,000 in the State, which will probably be increased to 20,000. The Democratic opposition have a clear working majority in both branches of the Illinois Legislature, and have probably elected their entire State ticket. It is now thought that Farnsworth is elected to Congress in the Fourth District. This will give us fourteen members.

TENNESSEE.

Democratic State Ticket Elected by 45,000 Majority.

Nashville, November 5.—The Legislature stands 25 Democrats, 2 Republicans in the House. The Democratic majority for Governor will be between forty and forty five thousand.

ARKANSAS.

Entire Congressional Delegation Democratic.

Little Rock, November 5.—From official returns so far received, the Democrats claim the election of their entire Congressional ticket by the following majorities: Gause, First district, from 1,000 to 5,000; Slemons, Second district, 800 to 1,500; Wilshire, Fourth district, from 3,500 to 4,500 over both his opponents, Hynes and Thomason.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit, November 5.—The democrats claim the election of Chamberlain for governor by a majority of from 1,000 to 2,000. The Republicans claim the state by a small majority. Full returns are required to decide. The congressional delegation will probably stand five republicans to four democrats.

KANSAS.

Topeka, Kan., November 4.—Goodin, Democrat, is elected in the Second Congressional District by 500 to 800 majority.

The Republican majority on the State ticket is 8,000 to 10,000. The Legislature is probably anti-Republican by a small majority.

The latest election returns from the State of New York, make Mr. Tilden's majority for Governor 48,888.

The Democrats have a majority of twenty in the Florida Legislature.

The Democrats throughout the country are holding mass-meetings, firing guns, and making speeches in honor of the Democratic victories.

The following is a list of the Governors elected on Tuesday in the various states, as far as determined:

Alabama	G S. Houston (D)	10,000
Delaware	J. P. Cochrane (D)	1,639
Kansas	T. A. Osborne (R)	doubtful
Massachusetts	William Gaston (D)	8,000
Michigan	Claimed by both parties.	
Missouri	Charles H. Hardin (D)	20,000
New Jersey	Joseph D. Bed'e (D)	12,133
New York	S. J. Tilden (D)	50,000
South Carolina	Chamberlain (R)	doubtful
Tennessee	Jas D. Porter, jr, (D)	30,000

Clinton County.

The democrats of Clinton have elected their whole ticket; the following are the official majorities:

Lieut, Gov, Latta over Olmsted 949.

Aud, Gen'l, Temple over Allen 768.

Sec'y, Int, Affairs, M'Candless over Beath 966.

Judge, Orvis over M'Enally 1059.

Congress, Mackey over Alexander 2039.

Senator, Wallace over McCormick 924.

Assembly, Geo A Achenbach over Robert H Messimer 777.

Dist, Att'y, James M Deise over Wm C Hollohan 929.

Commissioner, James David over Geo Furst 753.

Auditor, J P Anthony over Ellery C Best 582.

Surveyor, John L Eckel over A K White 850.

Union County.

The official majorities in Union county are:

Lieut. Gov., Olmsted over Latta 661.

Auditor General Allen over Temple 947.

Sec'y, of Int, Affairs, Beath over McCandless 718.

Congress, Alexander over Mackey 546.

Assembly, C S Wolfe over Jno C Smith 286.

District Attorney, Alfred Hays over D W Cox 927.

Prothonotary C H Hassenplug over H H Mercer 1297.

Commissioner, Geo. Schoch over David Leiby 546.

Auditor, J H Brown over T Bower, 741.

Mifflin County.

The following are the majorities in Mifflin:

Alexander over Mackey, 100.

W Y B Coplin, Register, over Joseph L McKinney, 243; W J Swigart, Surveyor over Miles Haffly, 286; Joseph M Fleming, Director of the Poor over Samuel B Wills, 54; and John A. McDonald, Auditor over James I Cottle, 117. The victors are all Democrats. On the other hand, David Heister, rep., is elected Commissioner over Jacob Stine, sen., with 225 majority; Wm S Settle, rep., is elected over James B Allison with 102 majority; and Wm H Strohm, rep, is elected District Attorney over John T McClure with 60 majority.

A shooting accident took place, last Thursday, near the hunting camp of a party composed of Dolph Laporte, of Spruce Creek, Geo. Merrill and Dick Swartz of Kylertown, John Douglas of Morrisdale, and Hobart Allport of Philipsburg, a few miles from Kylertown. The information reaching us is vague and uncertain, but it appears that Laporte, seeing Douglas' head above a clump of bushes mistook him for a wild cat and fired his rifle at him, the ball taking effect in his right temple and passing out at his left.—Philipsburg Journal.

Isaac Lytle, of Bellefonte, Pa., was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Hepburn McClure, in Williamsport, last Saturday evening, charged with presenting, or causing to be presented a false forged and fraudulent affidavit as evidence in the pension claim of George A. Grimes, of Centre county. The information was made by Joseph S. C. Taber, a special agent of the Pension office. After a full hearing Commissioner McClure committed Mr. Lytle to jail in default of bail, $3,000 being the amount required.

Judicial District.

The following is the official vote in this judicial district for Add. Law Judge:

	Orvis.	M'Enalley.
Centre	2889	2250
Clinton	2455	1396
Clearfield	—	—
Total	—	—
Orvis' majority	—	

20 Congressional District.

The following is the official vote:

	Mackey.	Alexander.
Centre	2556	2553
Clinton	2938	899
Clearfield	—	—
Mifflin	1383	1483
Union	1220	1776
Elk	—	1135
Total	—	—
Mackey's majority	—	

Senatorial District.

The following is the official vote in this senatorial district.

	Wallace.	M'Cormick.
Centre	3003	2157
Clinton	2417	1493
Clearfield	—	—
Total	—	—
Wallace's majority	—	

Godey's Lady's Book for November is one of the finest copies ever issued. A beautiful steel engraving, a very elaborate colored fashion plate, a large sheet showing fashionable costumes and other engravings, with an abundance of the choicest and most interesting reading. The "Rescue," a magnificent chromo, is offered as a premium to every subscriber for 1875. Send $3 15 and you will receive the magazine for one year, postage paid, and the premium chromo. L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, publisher.

HOUSE, LOT & SMITHSHOP AT

PUBLIC SALE.

The heirs of Philip Musser dec'd will offer at public sale on SATURDAY THE 19th DAY OF DECEMBER next on the premises a house and lot containing ¼ of an acre, situate in Gregg Township on the turnpike about ¼ of a mile east of Penn Hall, Thereon are erected a good two STORY HOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP STABLE and all necessary out buildings, A WELL OF NEVER FAILING WATER with pump in it near the door. Sale to commence at one o'clock P. M.

If the above Lot is not sold on said day it will be offered for rent at public outcry at said time. THE HEIRS.
12 nov.

INITIAL PAPER.

PRICES REDUCED.

From 40 to 25 cents.

Just received by,

J. WELCH

500 BOXES NEW STYLE

INITIAL PAPER, TWO TINTS

open ends, 24 Envelopes new style, all for 25 cents a box, the ... placing this beautiful article of stationery within the reach of all,

Call soon at New Store, Hume's block, next door to 1st Nat. Bank, Bellefonte. Nov. 12 2m.

NEW YORK

BRANCH STORE,

McClain's Block, Directly Opp. Bush House,

Bellefonte, Pa.

H. HERMAN & CO., Prop'rs.

Dry Goods,

HOSIERY, LINENS, EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, LACES, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS,

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

Below the Usual Prices.

Nov 12. tf.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of Sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias, and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, Centre Co. Pa., on Monday the 23rd day of November, 1874, at one o'clock P. M. the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that two story building situate in Potter twp. Centre Co, Pa, having a front of 22 feet, depth of 26 feet. Bounded on the North by land of Wm. McMinn, South by land of Wm. Leon, East by land of Jno. Royer, West by land of Jesse Boyer, containing three acres more or less. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Painter.

ALSO,

All that certain piece of ground part of a tract of land, situate in Aaronsburg, Haines twp, Centre Co, Pa, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house &c. Bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the North by North Street, South by Blackberry, West by lot No 222, East by chestnut Street, being numbered according to the general plan or plot of said town as No 225, 226, & 227 &c. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of W. P. Fullmer.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in Eagleville, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the North and West by Public road leading to Beech Creek, South by an alley and East by land of Jno. F. Clark containing ½ of an acre, more or less, thereon erected a two story dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of H. A. Foresman et. ux.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Half Moon twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the North by land of James Ebb, East and South by land of Lyon Shorb & Co, and West by land of Shoenberger & Co. Containing 117 acres more or less, 70 acres cleared, thereon erected a log house, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Frederick Weston.

ALSO,

All that lot or piece of ground situate in the Borough of Bellefonte. Bounded on the East by Water Street, on South by land of Wm. Ickhoff, West by water flowing from big spring, and North by land of Wm. A. Thomas dec'd. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Barbara Ann Peck & Wm. Ickhoff.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Huston twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the North by land of John Turner, South and East by land of Bush and Blanchard, and West by land of H. P. Richard and John Campbell. Containing 57 acres more or less, thereon erected a dwelling, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Martin Houser.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in the town of Madisonburg, Miles twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the South by public School Lot, East and North by land of Daniel Grimm, and West by Main Street, containing ¼ of an acre more or less, thereon erected a Blacksmith Shop. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of W. B. Noll.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in Spring twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the South by land of Terence Murray, on the West by an alley, North by lot of Harry Landis, and East by public road, fronting 50 feet on side road and extending back 200 feet to said alley. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Smith.

ALSO,

All defendants interest in those three several lots of ground, 1st situate in the Borough of Milesburg, Centre Co, Pa, marked in general plot of said town No 125. Bounded on West by turnpike road, North by lot of A. E. Peters, East by Mill Street, and South by lot of Alfred Green, thereon erected a store house ware-room &c. Also School House Lot in said Boro, No 160. Bounded North by Hazel Street, West by lot of J. Campbell, South by lot of Thomas Dolan and East by James Alexander. Also, six acres of land in Harris twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded North by public road, West by land of George Boals Heirs, South by land of Samuel Staver, and East by an alley. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Cooke.

ALSO,

All defendant's interest in and to all that certain tract of land situate in Gregg twp, Centre Co, Pa. Bounded on the North by lands of John Coldren, East by land of Samuel Harter, South by David Finkle and Henry Venada, and West by Levi Redder and Daniel—Containing 160 acres more or less, 15 acres timber, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Henry A. Gentzel.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Bellefonte Pa. Nov. 2d, A. D. 1874. B. F SHAFFER, Sheriff. Nov 5.

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward Pa Stages arrive and depart daily

EXTENSIVE RIOT

Eufala, Ala., November 3.—A riot occurred here at the polls to-day at noon, originating in an attempt by a negro to whip another negro for voting the Democratic ticket. The assailant drew a pistol. The result was three negroes were killed, four mortally, seven seriously and eight slightly wounded. One white man was mortally, one seriously and three slightly wounded. Five or six hundred shots were fired.

More Negro Riots.

Mobile, November 3.—Two riots were caused by negroes attempting to rescue negro repeaters from United States Marshals. The riots were easily suppressed. Two negroes were killed and one white man wounded.

PHILADELHHIA PRODUCE MARKET.

Philadelphia, November 9.—The inquiry for cloverseed is limited. Small sales of Pennsylvania and western at 8½@9c. Prices of timothy are nominal. Flaxseed sells at $1.90.

The inquiry for flour continues extremely limited, both for shipment and local consumption, at Saturday's figures. Sales of 900 bbls., chiefly extra family, at $5 25 @6 for Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota family; $5 50@6 25 for Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana do.; and $6 75@8 for fancy brands. Nothing doing in rye flour or meal.

There is no change in wheat. Small sales of western red at $1 19@1 22 and amber at $1 23@1 25. In rye nothing doing. Corn is unsettled and higher; old yellow is held at 92c, and new do. at 70@80c. Oats are in fair request, and 2,800 bushels western white sold at 63c.

Chicago.

Chicago, November 9.—Wheat dull; No 1 spring 91c; No 2 86½@86¾c cash or seller November; 87¾c seller December; No 3 80c; rejected 78c. Corn—dull and unsettled; No 2 mixed 83½c cash; 78¼c seller November; 78½c seller year; new and old 73@74, new 64@64¼c, rejected. Oats—demand fair and market firm; No 2 48c cash or seller November; 47½c seller year; rejected 45@45½c. Rye—demand fair and market firm; No 1 83½@84½c. Barley—dull and unsettled; No 2 $1 18@1 21 cash; No 3 $1 02@1 05. Pork demand fair and prices advanced at $18 cash, $17 50 seller year and $17 95 seller year. Lard, demand fair and market firm at 12½@12½c cash, $11 95 seller year, $12 07 seller February.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 15 Red 115....Rye......95......Corn 90 ....Oats 60......Barley 90. 70....Cloverseed 5,00 ... ..Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.......Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.......Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8......Bacon 10 .....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents..........Buck wheat 65 cts...........Flour per barrel retail 7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs

MARRIAGES.

On Oct, 20th, 1874, Mr. John W. Harper of Centre co., and Miss Emma J. Wilson of Clinton co,

On the 28th ult, Mr. Wm. H. Lehman, of Richville, Clinton co., to Miss Rebecca E. Kissell, of Phelp's Chapel, Clinton co., Pa.

On the 27th ult., Mr. Robert W. Porter and Miss Elizabeth J. Gummo, both of Hamburg, Clinton county.

In Jersey Shore on the 27th ult., Mr. Conrad Stephan and Miss Autnie Rieksler both of Clinton county.

On Nov 5th, at the residence of Mr David Fye, by Rev M E Earhart, Mr Andrew B Struble, and Miss Allice Fye.

DEATHS.

At Mill Hall, on the 29th ult., Michael Tevling, aged 70 years. His remains were interred in the new cemetery near Salona.

In Gregg twp., on 27 of Oct, Daniel Richard aged 77 years.

On the 12th of Oct, near Jacksonville Pa, of dropsy of the heart, Susan, wife of Michael Korman, aged 50 years, 7 months and 6 days.

In Harris twp, on the evening of the 5, of apoplexy, Mrs Eliza, wife of Christian Dale, aged 61 years, 4 months.

COME AND SETTLE.—Notice is hereby given that SATURDAY NOV. 28th, has been fixed upon for holding settlement with all persons in account with the estate of Wm. Vonado, dec'd. All persons interested will meet on day aforesaid at the residence of the undersigned.
J. P. RUNKLE, Adm'r,
nov. 5 3-t Centre Hill.

A FINE BERKSHIRE BOAR,

19 months old, is offered for sale by the undersigned. Also thorough bred shoats and grade pigs, different sizes.
J. L. GOODHART,
29 Oct 3t. Gregg twp.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orpnan's Court of Centre County, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the permises, on Friday, Novmbr 13, 1874, a

VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Potter twp., 2½ miles west of Potters Mills; known as the farm of Rev. Daniel Kerr, dec'd, containing about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

Bounded on the east by lands of Wm. Rishel, on the south and west by public road, north by lands of Mr. Shadow and John Stoner. Thereon erected a good TWO STORY, FRAME HOUSE, BANK-BARN, and first class outbuildings, good fruit of all kinds, and a never failing spring of water near the house.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money on confirmation of sale; the balance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.
W. W. SPANGLER,
24 sep. td. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the Estate of Catharine Slover, late of Gregg twp., dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them duly authenticated by law.
JOHN RISHEL,
Oct 15 6t. Adm'r.

Farmers, Grangers AND Everybody!

NEW STOCK OF GOODS

for the fall and winter trade received.

Our stock of ready-made Clothing is large, and first class in every respect.

FULL SUITS, COATS, PANTS and VESTS at prices lower than ever.

King William, Melton, Beaver and other Overcoats. A fine stock of Latest Style Hats.

The very best Mens and Boys heavy Boots, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Shoes.

A full line of Gent's Furnishing Goods. Everything needed to Complete a Gentleman's wardrobe, viz—Gloves. Half Hose, Cravats underclothing &c.

At the Clothing Store, Milroy. Please favor us with a call and examine goods and prices. Respectfully,

Oct 1 6t. Z. P. KRISE.

H. ROSSMAN.

Undertaker.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his patrons and the public generally that he is now prepared to make COFFINS and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage. Funerals attended with a neat hearse.
HENRY ROSSMAN,
3 sept 4m. Churchville,

SHORTLIDGE & CO., COAL, LIME, &c.,

WILLIAM SHORTLIDGE. BOND VA...

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,

Burners and Shippers of the celebrated

Bellefonte

WHITE LIME.

Dealers in the very best grades of

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices.

DEALERS IN GRAIN.

They pay the highest prices in cash for grain that the Eastern markets will afford.

WHEAT, CORN, RYE, OATS, CLOVER SEED &C.,

Bought or will be sold on commission when desired, and full prices guaranteed. Information concerning the grain trade will be furnished at all times, to farmers with pleasure, free of charge.

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as any other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lime! Lime!

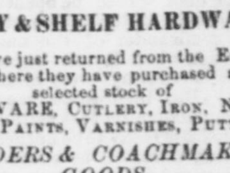
Lime of the best quality, always on hand, at the kiln near Centre Hall.
GEORGE KOCH.

GREAT BARGANS AT THE HARDWARE STORE OF

MUSSER & RUNKEL BROS.,

Millheim, Pa.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN



HEAVY & SHELF HARDWARE,

They have just returned from the Eastern Cities, where they have purchased a well selected stock of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, IRON, NAILS, OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES, PUTTY,

BUILDERS & COACHMAKERS GOODS.

Plasterers and Masons, Saddlers, Shoemakers, Housekeepers, and in fact,

HARDWARE FOR EVERYBODY.

We call particular attention to a fine assortment of Picture Frames and Moulding, very cheap.

WALL & WINDOW PAPER,

And Curtain Fixtures of every kind.

COACH and WAGON-MAKERS—Your attention is called to our stock of Spokes, Hubs, Felloes, Shafts, Poles and Buggy Wheels, all of No. 1 quality and selling very cheap. Our stock is large, and constantly being renewed, and we are selling—wholesale and retail—at very low prices. Remember—much money has been lost by paying too much for Hardware. Try

Musser & Runkle Bro's,

They buy for Cash and sell at Cash Prices for less profit than any other Hardware Store in the County.

☞Call and see us. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MUSSER & RUNKLE BRO'S.
aug 27-y '74

H. H. WEISER

Manufacturers of

Sheetiron & Tinware,

Millheim, Pa.

All kinds of Tinware, constantly on hand and made to order.

Sheetiron Ware of every description, always on hand.

Roofing in Tin and Sheetiron done in the most approved and satisfactory style.

Spouting done to order.

Their stock of Tin and Sheetiron Goods is large and complete, and offered at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Their establishment has been enlarged and stocked completely throughout.

Satisfaction guarantteed, and all jobs promptly attended to. apr16-y

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

Jas. C. Williams,

(Successor to B. F. Rankin & Co.)

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c,

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes,

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety!

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

9mar74tf

C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWERS.

ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's Building. my28 '74-tf.

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVER, JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.

Pennsvalley Banking Co.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS,

And Allow Interest,

Discount Note

Buy and Sell

Government Securities, Gold and Coupons

PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

Chas. H. Held,

Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has just opened at his new establishment, above Alexander's store, and keeps constantly on hand, all kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month, and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.

☞Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted. sep 11' 68 ly

Best Sample Rooms in Town.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

D. JOHNSTON & SONS, Proprietors

Bellefonte, Penna.

Free Buss to and from the Depot.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. RR., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufavtured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.

J. G. MEYER,
may 21 tf -Aaronsburg, Pa

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.

JOHN SPANGLER, Proprietor.

Stages arrive and depart daily, for al points, north, south, east and we

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President, J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

RECEIVE DEPOSITS,

And Allow interest,

Discount Notes,

Buy and Sell.

Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
ap10'68tf

W. A. CURRY,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 ly

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

☞He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain*. my8-73-tf.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynold's bank. may14'69

MAJ. J. SHREFFLER

TAILOR,

Nearly opposite Spangler's hotel. Cnt. Hall where he is at all times, prepared to make all kinds of men and boy's clothing, according to the latest styles and at reasonable charges.

JAS. M'MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, promptly attends to al business entrusted to him. jul2,'68t

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, Milroy, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornamenatal Painting.

GRAINING

Oak, Walnut, Maple, Ash Mahogony, &c.,

Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters.
nov 6 tf.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct22'69tf

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Bush & Yocum. Consultation in English and German. Collections promptly attended to. feb5-tf

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA FACTS SWORN TO

DR. J. P. FITLER.—Being sworn, says, I graduated at the University of Penn'a in 1833, and after 30 years' experience, perfected Dr. Fitler's Vegetable Rheumatic Syrup. I guarantee it an infallible cure for Nerve, Kidney and Rheumatic diseases. Sworn to, this 28th April, 1871. F. A. OSBOURN, Notary Public, Phila.

We Clergymen were Cured by it, and will satisfy any one writing us. Rev. Thos. Murphy, D.D., Frankford, Phila. Rev. C. H. Ewing, Media, Pa. Rev. J. S. Buchanan, Clarence, Iowa. Rev. G. G. Smith, Pittsford, N.Y. Rev. Jos. Beggs, Falls Church, Phila., &c. Afflicted should write Dr. Fitler, Phila., for explanatory Pamphlet & guarantee, gratis. $50 Reward for an incurable case. No cure no charge, a reality. Sold by druggists.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Farm Notes.

Sour apples are said to be as good for hogs or cows as sweet ones. It is not the sugar merely that they contain, but the starch, mucilage, and other matters—to say nothing of their hygienic effects, which make them useful food for animals. They will not alone fatten, but they will assist in this process, and if fed with caution may be made profitable. When ripe they may, as a matter of course, be safely given in larger quantities than when immature. If they are inconveniently plentiful with you just now they may be buried beneath a foot of earth and kept until spring in good condition.

The farmers of the whole country, and of the suffering West in particular, will find some comforting assurances, made on the best authority by Prof. Riley. He gives good reason for the belief that there is no occasion for alarm in Kansas, that the winged hordes will never extend far into Missouri, and there are valuable suggestions of measures that can be adopted to help stay prospective injury.

Many homestead settlers on the public lands in Western Kansas are unwisely leaving their farms and allowing their claims to go by default. The reason is, discouragement growing out of poor results of poor and unintelligent farming. Many of them make it a secondary business, giving their chief attention to hunting buffaloes.

John Burton, Woodside, Penn., writes: I see an inquiry by J. Raymond, Potsdam Junction, N. Y., about unripe grapes. If he will gather them and cover them with water, and boil them down with sugar, the same as other preserves, he will have one of the best preserves he has tasted. We have used them for years, gathering them in their green state for that purpose.

Securing the Buckwheat Crop.

A correspondent of the Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* gives the following valuable hints:

Consult any experienced miller, and he will tell you that the one great fault with buckwheat is its grit (dust or ground). This it gets by lying on the ground or in swaths, the rains spattering the dust against it. This should be avoided, as it hurts both buckwheat and the flour. Cut and immediately set up in loose (unbound) sheaves, tied at the top to give it the form of a cone, so as to shed the rain. In this way the air will circulate through, prevent moulding, and yet not dry so fast but the berry will have a chance to mature and ripen, for it is to be cut when part of the crop is yet in the dough—the largest part—and some still less advanced. If left till all is ripe, the crop will be late, and, if heavy, will be twisted and lodged, and much of it will shell in harvesting. A clear, sound crop is what is wanted, and not a dusty one, with the late kernels dried instead of rounding out and maturing, as they will if put up in sheaves as soon as cut. Do not, in any case, leave it lying on the ground, and cut early, when the greater part of the grains are in the dough.

Pasturing Meadows.

The views of "A Pennsylvania Farmer" in the *Tribune*, on pasturing meadows, are as follows: In order to secure a large crop of grass next year, meadows as a general thing should not be pastured in the fall, and if possible a top-dressing should be applied, so that the grass roots may be strengthened and the aftermath act as a mulch for winter protection. The aftermath will also hold the drifting snows to a certain extent, and protect from the cold drying winds of March. It will then decay and furnish a cheap and excellent manure. This is nature's system of manuring. Where a good crop of grass can be cut by September 1st, I do so, and then top-dress immediately after; but where the growth is not sufficient to warrant that, I leave it upon the ground. The poor, thin spots now show very plainly and must have a top dressing before winter. The temptation to pasture meadows is great, but ought to be resisted. New meadows seeded upon grain should on no account be grazed, for the roots grow in proportion to the tops, and strong roots will give a large crop of hay next year.

Profit in Hoop Poles.

A very profitable use may be made of rough tracts of land by planting them just now with white-oak acorns or hickory nuts. If these are planted in rows four feet apart and eighteen to twenty-four inches apart in the rows, 5,000 to 7,000 poles may be grown to an acre. If each alternate pole is cut at four years old there will be a crop of about 3,000 poles fit for firkin hoops, and worth $15 a thousand on the ground. If the poles are cut in the winter time the stumps will sprout again, and by the time those that have been left are large enough for barrel hoops, these will be large enough to occupy the ground until the others have grown again. In this way there will be a crop ready to cut every four years worth at least $45 to $50 per acre. The second growth will be more rapid than the first, as the roots will have become strong and fully grown. A large number of hoop poles are cut in this neighborhood every year, and thousands of barren acres might thus be made profitable.

Reversing the Engine.

Railroad accidents are not more frequent in England than in this country, but the trains usually run at a much higher speed, and the weather is more frequently dark and foggy, so that the sense of danger is far greater there than here. An engine-driver on an English railway thus recounts his experience:

"Engine-driving is trying work such weather as to-night, sir," said Johnny, wiping the perspiration off his face with his sleeve, "when you cannot see your signal light, or even your smoke-stack, and you have to run like mad on a bad track to make up time, so as not to lose connection."

"I tell you, it makes a man hot if he's as cold as a lump of ice. You have to go it blind. You can't see if the switchings are right. If trains you are to pass have got into the side-track, you can't make out anything till you are into it. It is trying work on the mind sir, is driving an engine. Such as us get very little sleep. The other night my wife started up in bed and screamed as if she was being murdered.

"'What are you doing?' she cried, and bless your life, sir, there was I, pulling her slender arm with all my might, while my foot was steadied against the bottom of the bed. I was trying to reverse the engine."

Their Strength.

The power of growing vegetables, even the most fragile, is something little short of wonderful. So delicate a structure as the mushroom can, under certain circumstances, exert the most extraordinary power, for, according to a good authority, it is well known that a mushroom will "lift a paving stone many times its own weight, rather than turn over and grow sideways, which it would appear so much easier for it to do." The fact is also a curious one, that tree roots will throw over immensely strong walls against which they have grown, though one would think the pressure against the softer soil would give room for their development, without the necessity of their extending so much force against the wall.

A TEST CASE.—Four passengers on the Erie railway from New York were obliged to stand nearly half of the way to Paterson, and in consequence refused to give up their tickets to the conductor unless he furnished them with seats. After they were seated they insisted that they should not pay their fare for the time in which they were obliged to stand. The conductor refused to accede to this proposition and put the passengers who refused from the train. As a test case one of the passengers has sued the Erie company for $10,000, and two or three residents of Paterson are to do so soon.

THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

Why It was Commenced and Why It was Abandoned.

Gen. B. F. Butler, in his address before the Army of the James, referred to a peculiar point in the history of that army—the digging of the Dutch Gap Canal. Gen. Butler said: It was demonstrated to the Commanding General and the Chief Engineer of the armies of the United States that it was impossible for the navy to aid the army in our operations further up the river than our right flank of the peninsula at Bermuda Hundred, because of the want of sufficient depth of water around Trent's Reach, even if the river had not been commanded by the enemy's batteries at Howlett House and along the banks, and in any future operations toward Richmond made upon the north bank of the river, which was the only movement against the enemy's capital which could be made with any hope of success.

If not driven from their position, the enemy's gunboats above Trent's Reach would give the same aid to him and drive our forces back from the river, as our gunboats below could give to us. It was assumed by the Commanding General of the army that if there was sufficient water to float the gunboats of the United States they were more than able to cope with the enemy's gunboats and drive them above Fort Darling and leave the bank of the river free for our advance. The river at Trent's Reach makes a sudden and a very sharp bend and return like a horseshoe, so that while the distance around the circumference of the shoe is seven miles, the cut across at the heel from water to water was only 490 feet. It was, therefore, determined, after full consideration by the engineers of the army, to cut a channel 60 feet wide, 500 feet long, and 16 feet deep, through this bank, so as to permit our vessels to pass up. Of such importance was it deemed by the enemy to prevent the accomplishment of this work, that while it was going on they threw into the excavations, in the shape of shells, many hundred tons of iron, but because of the precautions taken, with very little result, the cutting was prosecuted on the south side until the earth was all thrown out but an embankment of 25 feet at the bottom from water to water extending upward wedge-shaped, so as to afford a protection to the workmen from the direct fire of the foe.

This portion of the other side was mined and some tons of powder put 25 feet deep at its base for the purpose of throwing out this last obstruction, all of which was successfully accomplished, and on the 24th of December the mine was fired, the cut opened, and three feet of water was running through the debris of the bank left by the explosion. Forty-eight hours of dredging would have opened the channel for our gunboats to pass up, to join battle with the enemy's vessels, and clear the river, at least up as far as the guns of Fort Darling, which commanded the banks some six or eight miles above, thus enabling the advance of the Union army from the position which they had at Fort Harrison, of which I will speak hereafter.

But at that hour and from that moment all work ceased on the canal until the return of peace; and the Army of the James have rested under an imputation of a futile and useless expenditure of time and money to do a useless work.

I have said that the canal was undertaken for the purpose of allowing the Union naval vessels and monitors to clear the river, and put themselves in position, if need be, to bombard Fort Darling. The door was to be opened, and this was done with the full concurrence of the commander of the navy upon that station when it was begun, and who aided us in it by every means in his power. But then there was a change of commanders on that station. When the canal was ready to be opened, the commanding officer of the works at Dutch Gap received a letter from the commanding officer of the naval forces of the United States stationed in James river asking him not to go on and open the passage through because he would thereby give an avenue to the enemy to come down through and attack the fleet of the United States stationed below it. When the door was about to be opened for the dog to kill the wolf the dog feared that the wolf would eat him. In obedience to that request of the navy, which could not be made public, because the enemy must not be informed by any true patriot that the naval forces of the United States in James river were not competent and able to resist and overcome the naval forces of the enemy stationed in James river near Richmond—and rather than disgrace should fall on the American navy, the Army of the James chose to rest under the imputation that they were unable to complete this great work for the use of the navy, which, however, might have been done in three days. And so the engineers of the Army of the James saw in silence that their work was fruitless, because the navy for whom it was made refused to take advantage of it, not without some reason, as was afterward shown; for a few weeks after that letter requesting us not to open the canal, the enemy's gunboats, emboldened by the inactivity of ours, came down around Trent's Reach, only three of them, and although one got aground, the other two made an attack upon our naval vessels, which fled ingloriously down the river; and if the enemy had only known their strength and made pursuit, they would have cut in two the armies of the United States operating in that vicinity, and been able to command its base of supplies at City Point. But fortunately they did not know their strength, and they returned after having shown that our naval vessels, as then commanded, if able were not competent to cope with those of the enemy.

Trouble at the Wedding.

A scene took place the other day in Preston parish church. The daughter of a tradesman was about to be married to a butcher coming from Barrow, whom she had only seen twice previously. The father and the brother of the bride, hearing of the wedding, went to church before the ceremony had begun. The former seized the bridegroom, while the son endeavored to get the bride away. She refused to go, and clung to the bridegroom. A police sergeant entering the church, the father demanded that the bride should be taken into custody for stealing a watch, and also apparel which she was then wearing. The bride, who was terrified at her father's conduct, gave up the watch. The father averred that his daughter had lost £3,000 by marrying without his consent. The police sergeant refused to take the bride into custody, the father and son were turned out of the church, and the marriage ceremony was proceeded with.

Economy.

One of the hardest lessons for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first thousand dollars than the next ten thousand. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent on him in days of sickness or misfortune.

Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be attained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day for future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish habits.

In the suit of Samuels vs. the New York *Evening Mail* Association, for publishing a rumor that when the Dauntless was defeated in the ocean race Capt. Samuels went on a spree and had committed suicide (a report wholly false, and corrected on the next day), a jury awarded him $2,500 damages.

Wrecking on the Bahamas.

A writer says: "Wrecking is a branch of business for which the Bahamas have long been famous, owing to their intricate navigation. At one time this was very lucrative, but it has been falling off of late years. Formerly everything saved from a wreck was sold at auction in Nassau; now all goods not of a perishable nature, and undamaged, are reshipped to the port of destination. Collusion between shipmasters and the pilots was also frequent; but increased vigilance on the part of the insurance companies has interfered with this nefarious business, while the numerous lighthouses recently erected by the Government with noble self-sacrifice have operated in the same direction. The uncertainties attending money-making in this precarious way have their effect on the character of the people, as is the case when the element of chance enters largely into business; the prizes in the lottery are few, but are occasionally so large as to excite undue expectations, and thus unfit many for any pursuit more steady but less exciting. For months they will cruise about, watching and hoping, and barely kept alive on a scant supply of sugar-cane and conchs; then they fall in with a wreck, and make enough from it perhaps to keep them going another year. It is not a healthy or desirable state of affairs. One Sunday morning a commotion arose quite unusual in the uncommonly quiet and orderly streets of Nassau. There was hurrying to and fro, and the sounds of voices shrill and rapid, caused by some sudden and extraordinary excitement. The wharves of the little port were thronged and positively black with eager negroes, and great activity was noticeable among the sloops and schooners. Some were discharging their cargoes of sponges, shells, fish, and cattle in hot haste; others were provisioning or setting up their rigging; others again were expeditiously hoisting their sails and heaving up their anchors; while the crews, black and white, sang songs in merry chorus, as if under the influence of great and good tidings. What could it all mean? It meant this—another vein in the Bahama gold mines had been struck, another lead discovered, and the miners were off to develop it, each hoping to be the lucky one to turn out the largest nugget, and retire on it for life. In other words, news had just been brought of the wreck of a Spanish vessel on the Lavadeiros Shoal, one hundred and fifty miles away. She was none of your wretched colliers or fruiters, with a cargo valueless to wreckers, but a ship whose hold from keelson to deck beams was packed with a thousand tons of choice silks and stuffs for the black-eyed brunettes of Havana, just enough damaged to oblige them to be sold at auction in Nassau, where all wrecked goods must be brought for adjudication. Verily, we thought, 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good;' the misfortune which has wrung the soul and perhaps ruined the happiness of one or two in far lands has made glad the hearts of several thousand darkies, mulattoes, and whites in the Bahamas. Here is a text for La Rochefoucauld, the modern cynic."

A Portuguese Remedy.

Ten years ago I was trading with the Portuguese and negroes of Delagoa Bay on the southeast coast of Africa, the most notorious place for fever and ague, as well as for mosquitoes, on the African continent. Throughout the day, but especially from sunset to sunrise, the mosquitoes dance there through the sultry, humid atmosphere literally in dense clouds, rendering sleep or even a moment's rest utterly impossible for unacclimated man and beast, so that our trading party would have been compelled to leave the horrid country had not an old friendly Portuguese taught us how to protect ourselves against the bloodthirsty insects by giving us the following simple recipe: Make a decoction of quassia by boiling a handful of quassia wood (also known as quassia chips) in a quart of water for about half an hour. Allow it to cool and then bathe your face and hands with it, or any other part of the body which you may desire to protect against the attacks of the mosquitoes. It is of terribly bitter taste, but harmless to the most delicate skin if washed off occasionally with fresh water, and no mosquitoes will alight on the parts to which the decoction has been freely applied. We tried the remedy and found it to act like a charm, and I defy the combined forces of all the mosquitoes of Long Island, Westchester county and New Jersey, or any other mosquitoes, to attack me if I will go to the slight trouble of using the above decoction. The "stuff" is obtainable in every drug store, and quite inexpensive.

A Bank Robbery.

The Saughegan National Bank, at Milford, N. H., was robbed of about $70,000, $4,000 being in bills and the rest in private property. The cashier of the bank, F. T. Sawyer, was awakened about ten o'clock at his house by a man who shouted "You are wanted," and he immediately placed a gag in his mouth, handcuffed him, and then tied him to the bedpost. Mrs. Sawyer was also handcuffed, and with her babe was fastened into a small closet. The robbers meanwhile bound the other children, thrust them into a closet, and handcuffed and shut up the servant girl. This done they presented a pistol at Mr. Sawyer's head, demanding the keys of the bank. He told them they were not there, and, Mr. Sawyer having refused to tell where the keys were, the robbers nearly strangled him with the gag and a twist of rope round the neck. Finally Mr. Sawyer told them that the keys were in the post-office lock-box. The men then placed a rope round Mr. Sawyer's neck, and took him to the post-office. A hole was cut in the glass, the sash raised, and the keys secured. Mr. Sawyer was forced to go and open the bank, and all the funds, notes, and collaterals were taken away. Mr. Sawyer was then taken back and tied to the bed and left. About three o'clock in the morning, his little son, Fred, got loose and cut the rope, letting his father free, and an alarm was given. The bank losses $25,000. Twenty dollars were taken from the cashier's pocket. The servant girl and Mr. Sawyer received injuries about the face and neck. The robbers frequently threatened to kill the babe if it was not kept quiet.

Granges in the United States.

On the first instant, there were on the rolls of the National Grange 20,800 subordinate granges, 409 having been added during the month previous. The granges in the several States and Territories rank as follows:

Iowa	2,000	New York	238
Missouri	1,992	California	231
Indiana	1,991	Louisiana	185
Illinois	1,573	Oregon	174
Kentucky	1,425	Vermont	125
Kansas	1,350	Maryland	118
Ohio	1,031	West Virginia	110
Tennessee	1,003	Florida	97
Texas	687	New Jersey	80
Georgia	659	Colorado	65
Alabama	632	Massachusetts	64
Mississippi	622	Dakota	56
Nebraska	596	D. of Canada	57
Minnesota	540	New Hampshire	37
Michigan	509	Maine	34
Wisconsin	505	Idaho	25
Arkansas	504	Montana	23
North Carolina	450	Delaware	14
Virginia	373	Nevada	5
Pennsylvania	349	Indian Territory	4
South Carolina	313	Connecticut	3

[redacted]

A Curious Story.

A curious story is told in connection with the discovery of the remains of Leonardo da Vinci at the Chateau of Amboise. This chateau, long the residence of the kings of France, is now little more than a mass of ruins. Napoleon III., however, gave orders for its restoration; and in 1864, as a preliminary step, men were sent to search for any valuable art or historic treasures. Soon some remains were found, which, from a defaced inscription, were believed to be those of Leonardo da Vinci, who died at the Chateau of Clas-Luce, near by. The bones were removed with care, and the skull minutely examined, and it was decided that it must have belonged to a man of great genius. A cast was taken of it; and the keeper at Amboise was ordered to send the remains to Paris so that the anatomists might construct a skeleton from them. But when the remains arrived at Paris, strange to say, the skull was found to be a very common one, in fact it did not fit the bones at all, and the wonder was how such a fine cast could have been made from such a poor skull. So the remains were returned to Amboise and thrown into a corner, although a monument was erected to the painter upon the spot where they had been found. Not long ago the Chateau of Amboise fell into the hands of the Comte de Paris, who resolved to restore it. The box of bones returned from Paris was found and put into the vaults of the chapel of the chateau. But pretty soon more bones were discovered, and among them the identical skull from which the plaster model was taken in 1864. This led to an investigation, and it appeared that after the cast was taken the remains were left in charge of the gardener of the castle. That evening, while in a wine-shop, his comrades desired to see the skull about which there had been so much talk. So it was taken to the shop, examined, and forgotten, and the keeper of the house threw it carelessly into the cellar. When the remains were ordered to Paris the gardener could not remember what he had done with the skull. So he took another from the lot of bones, which looked "precisely like the lost one"—for he knew nothing of phrenology and comparative anatomy. When the error was discovered the gardener told a lie to get out of the scrape, and swore he sent the bones just as he found them. Years later the gardener happened to be in the cellar of the wine-shop; he stumbled over the lost skull, and secretly replaced it among the bones at the chateau. And thus it was rediscovered; and now it is believed the scattered bones of the great painter are all gathered together, and they will be placed beneath the monument erected to his memory.

French "Frugality."

A Paris correspondent says: "I have heard a very odd, yet apparently correct, reason given for the non-success of soda-water as a beverage in this city. One of the leading English druggists here was recently asked why he did not establish a soda-water fountain in his store. 'It would not take with the Parisians,' was his answer; 'if a Frenchman spends ten cents for a drink he wants a seat, a little table and a sight of the daily papers with it, and he passes two hours in sipping it. A beverage, therefore, which must be quaffed at once will not suit their habits or their tastes; they would consider themselves robbed if they paid half a franc for the drink alone.' Another amusing exemplification of the peculiarly thrifty habits of the French was also made known to me recently. An American came out here some years ago and established an American bar near the Grand Hotel, connecting with it that decidedly American institution, a free lunch. He was soon obliged to do away with that portion of his programme, however, for finding that there was a place where good food could be had for nothing, large numbers of Frenchmen of the better classes, including many of the members of the fashionable jockey club, came there to enjoy the eatables, but never ordered one sou's worth of drink therewith. They considered it perfectly 'the thing' to take the proprietor's lunch without compensating him in any manner, direct or indirect."

The Mammoth Cave of Mexico.

It is said that the cave of Cacahuamilpa is the largest cave in the world. Several persons, who have visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and that of Cacahuamilpa in Mexico, pronounce the latter the larger. A volcanic mountain with an extinct crater covers this cave. It is not described in guide-books or books of travel. It has, in fact, never been accurately described. Mr. Porter C. Bliss has twice examined and explored it, the last time in February of the present year. Six hundred persons constituted the last exploring party; they were provided with Bengal lights and scientific appliances. After reaching a level at fifty feet depth, they proceeded three and three-quarter miles into the interior. The roof was so high—a succession of halls—that rockets often exploded before striking it. Labyrinthine passages leave the main hall in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites are abundant. Below this cave, at a great depth, are two other immense caves, from each of which issues a branch of a great river, uniting here. These two rivers enter some five miles distant at the other side of the mountain, flow parallel, and issue at last together. Vast quantities of bats are the most numerous inhabitants of these caverns.

Risks his Life on his Faith.

Professor White, a champion swimmer, recently consented to drown himself in order that his theory of resuscitation might be tested for the benefit of the London Humane Society, who were present to witness the experiment. After laying down certain rules for holding a drowning person in the water, he plunged into the river—the Serpentine, probably, in Hyde Park—and remained long enough under water to be partially drowned. His son then dived after him and brought him to the surface in an apparently lifeless condition, adhering strictly to the principles laid down by his parent. The breathless body was then turned over to one of the Humane Society's officers and put through the course of treatment recommended. The society had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. White revive, and in a short time return to the water without apparent unpleasant consequences, thus proving his theory by illustration at the risk of death.

A Hoodlum.

John Caldwell was what they call in San Francisco a hoodlum. He was shot over a game of cards. The physician who attended him gave orders to remove his boots, whereupon the wounded hoodlum cried with an oath, "No, don't take 'em off. I want to die with 'em on." He was very desirous that his "gal" should be sent for, and repeated the request so often that it was complied with. When the damsel arrived, she proved, contrary to general expectation, to be a modest girl of some intelligence. He interlarded his remarks with the most execrable oaths, and the physician who attended him refused to continue his work unless the young man's fearful language should discontinue.

A Mr. Atcherley has recently tested a large number of samples of malt liquors in England expressly for lead, and has found that poison in most of them. The liquor acts, in his opinion, upon the lead or composition piping used by beer retailers for connecting the barrel with the beer engine in the bar, and in cases where the beer has been for some time in contact with the metal the proportion of lead dissolved is very considerable. Hence, I would caution morning beer drinkers against imbibing the first "pull" of the pump, especially when their particular fancy happens to be for "old ale." Sherry drinkers should also be warned against wines doctored, as is frequently the case, with acetate of lead.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

George Q. Cannon, delegate to Congress from Utah, has been indicted for lascivious cohabitation, and is out on $5,000 bail...... The total amount of money stolen from the Souhegan National Bank, Milford, N. H., was $120,000....A conspiracy has been discovered in the Russian province of Orenburg and many of the conspirators have been arrested...... The difficulty between China and Japan remains unsettled. The Japanese are preparing for war......A terrible gale prevailed on the British coast, and did serious damage to shipping. The steamship Chusan, from Glasgow for Shanghai, was driven ashore, and fourteen of the crew were drowned. Many lives were lost in England......The Indians at Standing Rock Agency are indignant at the attempts of white men to enter the Black Hills......A party of Montenegrins were recently attacked by Turks in the province of Alabania, and seventeen of them killed...... Monsignor Montour, formerly private chaplain to Napoleon III., is dead. He has bequeathed 150,000 francs to the Prince Imperial, and the same amount to the Pope......Samuel Rindskoff, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fourth Wisconsin District, has withdrawn. The committee has substituted William Pitt Lynde......James Buffinton, of Fall River, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the First Massachusetts District.

Captain Chaffee, with the Sixth United States Regiment of Cavalry of Gen. Miles's command, surprised a band of hostile Kiowas led by Red Otter, and captured their entire camp, driving the redskins before him in all directions....The friends of President Lerdo, of Mexico, are said to be trying to get possession of the State Government in order to re-elect him...... The *North German Gazette* states that the German Government has no intention of occupying any part of the Navigator's Islands......The steamer City of Brooklyn, the property of the Northern Transportation Company, exploded her boiler when opposite Ecourse, eight miles below Windsor, Ontario, killing fifteen persons and seriously wounding several others. The Bob Hacket rescued the survivors and took them to Detroit. The Brooklyn was shattered to pieces......The steamboat Esperanza was burned at Profits Island, Mississippi river. The boat and cargo are a total loss. The chambermaid was lost but all the others were saved......Six fishermen were drowned off Lowestoff during the gale on the English coast......John McMahon has challenged any person in the United States to wrestle for $1,000 or $2,500 a side, square hold, best two in three.

The great flood on the River Segre, Spain, was attended with loss of life and damage. More than one hundred persons were drowned, and the damage to property is immense, nearly 250 houses having been swept away. At Guimera ninety-six houses were washed away and thirty-three persons lost their lives. Among those who were drowned are the Mayor and all his family......Cyrus Lufkin, of Peabody, Mass., caught his foot in the railroad track, and all efforts to release him were unavailing. He was held for half an hour, when a train of cars came thundering along. The poor fellow saved his life by throwing himself on one side, but lost his foot, the cars running over and cutting it off......Capt. Williams, of the schooner Nelson, reports the loss of two of the crew of the schooner Clara B. Chapman, of Gloucester, Mass., on the Grand Bank. This accident was caused by their dory being swamped while using their trawl......The Turks in Montenegro continue their outrages on the Christians. They have killed eight Montenegrins and some Saxon residents in the neighborhood of Podgoriza and burned a village. The Christians were compelled to flee to the mountains......The London Indian Office has just received a dispatch confirming the report of the capture of Nana Sahib. He will be tried immediately at the place where he was captured. The London newspapers unite in demanding that exemplary vengeance be visited upon Nana Sahib.

The town of Worthington, Greene county, Indiana, was destroyed by fire; the work of an incendiary......In Anderson, Indiana, the mother and sister of Albert Mawson were arrested, being charged of his murder......A train on the Chicago and Southeastern railroad was boarded by robbers, who ran away with it; meanwhile the robbers, with pistols, compelled all the passengers to deliver up their valuables......The boilers of the mill and salt works belonging to W. H. Cooper & Co., at New River, Michigan, exploded. One child was killed and several men severely injured. ......Four young men were hunting deer in Tallahatchie bottom, Tennessee, and became separated. One of them observed the cane shaking ahead of him, and, thinking it was caused by a deer, fired the contents of a double-barreled shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, and hearing screams, rushed to the spot and found Thomas Mosby, one of his companions, lying dead, shot through the head; David White, another comrade, shot in the head and mortally wounded, and the third one, S. W. Johnson, severely wounded......The London *Times* correspondent at Bombay telegraphs that it is estimated that 2,000 persons were killed in the town and district of Midnapore during the recent cyclone....The steamer Mary foundered on the voyage from Glasgow to Trinidad. Ten persons went down with the ship. The remainder took to the boats, one of which, with five men, is supposed to have been swamped. The other, containing two of the crew living and three dead, was picked up, and the survivors were landed at Falmouth, England.

It is believed in Europe that within a few months Russia and Germany will be engaged in a desperate conflict. Both are preparing for it......The grand jury at Salt Lake found seven indictments, one charging Elder George Reynolds, a man of prominence in the Mormon Church, with bigamy and polygamy. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $2,500......The working women of the United States will hold a convention in Washington next January...... There appears to be a disposition among the Bonapartists to shortly urge in the French Assembly the removal of the remains of Napoleon III. to French soil......Michigan has gained 130,000 in population since 1870....... The California pioneers of 1860 have organized a society......Massachusetts has fixed Thursday, Nov. 26, as Thanksgiving Day......The hand loom weavers of Philadelphia are on a strike...... The Swedish government brings all goods and men to take care of them to the United States Centennial free of cost to the shippers......The town of China, Maine, has just celebrated its centennial. The town was originally known as "Jones' Plantation," and was settled by a family of Clarks from Nantucket, Mass., in 1774......At the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient, of Palermo, Italy, Mastai Ferretti, now the Pope, was expelled from the order.

Superstition Among Miners.

A large number of the miners employed at some of the Bedworth collieries, in North Warwickshire, England, are giving way to a superstition which has long prevailed among this class, refused to descend into the coal-pits in which they are employed. The men are credulous enough to believe that certain nocturnal sounds, which are doubtless produced by flying flocks of night birds in their passage across the country, are harbingers of some impending colliery disaster. During Sunday night it was stated that these, which have been designated "The Seven Whistlers," had been distinctly heard in the neighborhood of Bedworth, and the result was that on the following morning, when the work should have been resumed, many of the men positively refused to descend the pits, and were to be seen idling about the streets of the town. The recent colliery accidents at Bedworth, and the sounds by which they are said to have been preceded, seem to have augmented rather than diminished this superstitious belief.

Jennie June writes that Clara Morris, the actress, when in Paris, consulted a physician, who informed her that she must exhaust the enormous amount of nervous force she creates, or it will consume her. It is her life, therefore, which this actress is now putting into her representations.

Husbands have now reached the season of regret, caused by the fact that their wives have disposed of their overcoats, new last spring, to the old clo' man.

THE ROMANCE OF ROBBERY.

The Boylston Bank Thieves—A Sketch of their Leader and his Career.

The approaching trial of Bullard, charged with robbing the Boylston Bank in Boston, some years ago, revives incidents connected with the robbery that are interesting. In 1868 the Merchants Union Express Company was robbed of $350,000. The messenger of the caron which the robbery took place was found bound and gagged, but being arrested confessed that he with others committed the robbery. Two of his confederates were arrested, but after being in jail three months turned over $100,000 to the express company, were turned loose, and with filled pockets went to Europe.

Bullard, one of the thieves, in Paris took the name of Wells and opened an American gambling house in the Rue Scribe. The *Agents de Police* ascertained the character of the place and arrested him, and he was sentenced by the criminal court to a brief imprisonment. When he obtained his liberty he married a good-looking English-woman. The express company's money was soon squandered and he decided upon a visit to America, for the purpose of replenishing his empty exchequer. He and Marsh came to Boston in 1869, and soon rallied around them the best burglar "talent" that could be found, all being considered first class men, and the following was what they accomplished:

When the doors of the Boylston bank, corner of Boylston and Washington streets, Boston, were opened on the morning of the 22d of November, 1869, it was discovered that the vault had been broken into by burglars, and that upward of $400,000 worth of property, consisting of bank bills, bonds, etc., had been stolen. From that day to this hardly any of the property has been recovered. The Boston police have been unable to obtain a clew as to who were the perpetrators of the daring robbery.

It appears that on the 22d day of October, exactly a month previous to the discovery of the robbery, a man giving the name of W. A. Judson bought out a barber shop in the building adjacent to the bank. He appeared quiet and respectable, and no suspicion was entertained as to his real character. Judson furnished his new room very handsomely and carried on the sale of California wine bitters. The walls of the room were wainscotted up to the ceiling. The robbers cut off a corner of the room by placing a partition and making what appeared to visitors an inner or private room. The wainscot or wooden sheathing in the private office was then cut so as to form a door, behind which was the partition wall. This being accomplished, the gang commenced cutting away the wall, brick by brick, which were removed with the broken mortar in boxes labeled "medicine." Working stealthily at night, week after week, the robbers cut their way through two walls, twenty inches in thickness, and having accomplished this the back of the lofty iron safe was exposed. They then by means of a drill cut a hole eighteen inches square into the back of the safe.

Through this hole they took out all the private boxes on the shelves, and bursting them open helped themselves to what they wanted, and having taken their choice scattered mortgages, etc., over the floor of the safe. A large portion of the booty consisted of greenbacks. The burglary took place between the closing of the bank on Saturday evening and its opening on Monday morning.

The detectives for a long time could get no trace of the perpetrators of the robbery, but it is now believed that some of these officials were interested in the robbery, or at least enjoyed their share of the proceeds. The money stolen by Bullard from the Boylston Bank was squandered with a prodigal hand, and after an attack of delirium tremens he entered an inebriate asylum, where he remained some months, and for years past he has been hiding from the police, till he was recently captured at his residence in New York, and taken to Boston to answer for the robbery. Others of the gang have since been captured.

The Sanitary Condition of Water.

There is no more prolific source of disease than bad water; but to distinguish whether the fluid is unfit for consumption or not is somewhat difficult. Water from a certain river, spring, or well, may be repulsive to the senses, and yet harmless to the stomach, in comparison with other water which has a more attractive appearance. Perhaps the best mode of determining the question is to examine the condition of the organisms dwelling in the proposed source to be utilized. If, for example, an industrial establishment or a collection of dwellings empties refuse into the stream, and as a result fish disappear or are found dead upon the surface, it is certain that the water is strongly and injuriously affected. The gradual infection may be noted by the fish first rising to the top, apparently ill at ease, and subsequently dying. In vitiated water also mollusks perish and their bodies decompose rapidly. In the air they merely seem to dry up and retain life, though torpid for some time, becoming revivified by return to water. Cresses cannot live in corrupt water, and their existence is a sign of purity in the fluid, while algæ deprived of their green color indicate absolute corruption. M. Gerardin, in reference to this subject, in a recent note to the French Academy, states that the best method of measuring the degree of purity or of infection in the water is by determining the amount of oxygen in a given quantity. Water containing a large percentage of the gas is pure and good; but when little of the latter is present, the water is decidedly deleterious to health.

Recently, in a Columbia county (Ga.) church, when the congregation arose to sing, a pistol fell from the pocket of one of the worshippers and wounded a Mr. Peeler, who remarked as he was being carried out: "Take care you don't make me drop mine."

Out at Lanesville, Ohio, the young gentlemen wear a satin badge bearing the words, "Hire a hall," under the lappel of their coats, and when bored by inveterate talkers they just turn up the lappel and display the badge. The plan is said to work finely.

Try It.

A tonic and alterative medicine, the invigorating and regulating properties of which actually lengthen life, and add to the capacity for its enjoyment, is within the reach of every member of the community. No invalid who has had recourse to Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters will hesitate to concede to it these invaluable qualities. It is a stomachic and a corrective of unrivaled efficacy, yet being free from alcohol, it is not an excitant. Its anti-bilious operation is more direct, speedy, and certain than that of any of the dangerous mineral salivants, and as an aperient, it gently removes any obstructions that may have accumulated in the lower intestine, without producing either irritation or pain. In fact, its wonderful remedial effects are unaccompanied by any drawback. Of all medicines, it is the most harmless and salubrious. As an appetizer, it is far ahead of any of the alcoholic nostrums that momentarily stimulate the palate; while as a means of renovating a weak and torpid stomach, it stands alone among modern remedies.—*Com.*

Sent free, on receipt of neck and breast measure, height, weight and price, our (sample) "Model $2 Shirt." Fitted by patented model. Stylish and substantial. Address Model Shirt Co., 31 South 8th St., Philadelphia.—*Com.*

The improvement made in the Elmwood and Warwick Collars this season has largely increased the sale. For those wishing a wide collar, the latter is the *ne plus ultra.* Don't fail to get it and try it.—*Com.*

From Maine to California millions of children are wearing Silver Tipped Shoes. Why not? they are the cheapest and never wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all shoe dealers.—*Com.*

How to Look Young—Sixteen.—Don't paint or use vile Hair Restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring marks, moth-patches, etc., and in place of a red rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around.

Dr. Dan'l Weaver, of Boston, fell down a mining shaft near Denver, 76 feet. He was terribly bruised, limbs broken, and supposed to be dead. Mexican Mustang Liniment was freely used, consciousness restored, his life saved, and he came home in eight weeks. This is the most wonderful article for Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swellings, Spavin, Ringbone, Sores, or any flesh, bone or muscle ailment upon man or beast, ever discovered. It is humanity to animals. It has saved much suffering and many useless doctors' bills. It can be had for 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle in any drug store. But beware of counterfeits. The genuine is wrapped in a fine steel plate label, signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

The People's Stamp of Value.—The Government indorsement, which legalizes the sale of Plantation Bitters, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous Vegetable Tonic. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the still more valuable stamp of public approbation. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a Tonic Corrective and Alterative is world-wide.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	$ 07½	a	12¾
Common to good Texans	.05½	a	.09½
Milch Cows	45.00	a	75.00
Hogs—Live	.05½	a	.05¾
Dressed	.07½	a	.08
Sheep	.04½	a	.06
Cotton—Middling	.14½	a	.14¾
Flour—Extra Western	4.20	a	5.15
State Extra	4.75	a	5.15
Wheat—Red Western	1.16	a	1.18
No. 2 Spring	1.03½	a	1.04
Rye	.96	a	.96
Barley—Malt	1.32	a	1.60
Oats—Mixed Western	.57½	a	58
Corn—Mixed Western	.89½	a	90
Hay, per cwt	.50	a	1.00
Straw, per cwt	.40	a	.60
Hops......'73s. 15a25—'69s	.08	a	.12
Pork—Mess	19.37½	a	19.50
Lard	.13½	a	.13½
Petroleum—Crude......5¾ @ 5¾	Refined		12
Butter—State	.44	a	.45
Ohio Fancy	.30	a	.32
" Yellow	.27	a	.29
Western Ordinary	.20	a	.32
Pennsylvania fine	.36	a	.38
Cheese—State Factory	.16	a	.16½
" Skimmed	.04	a	.08
Ohio	.13	a	.14
Eggs—State	.26	a	.28
ALBANY.			
Wheat	1.30	a	1.30
Rye—State	.94	a	.94
Corn—Mixed	.92	a	.93
Barley—State	1.21	a	1.28
Oats—State	.48	a	.61
BUFFALO.			
Flour	5.75	a	7.00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	.90	a	1.00
Corn	.79	a	.79
Oats	.54	a	.55
Rye	.96	a	.96
Barley	1.24	a	1.70
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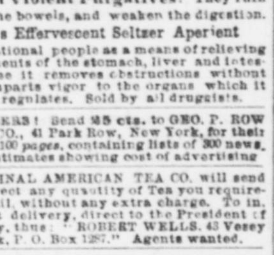
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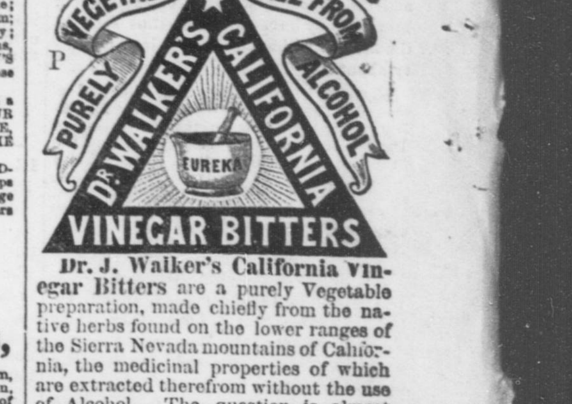
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